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AUGUST 1991 A MONTHLY REVIEW EDITED BY R. EMMETT TYRRELL, JR.

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The Arabs of Israel

Are they a "persecuted minority"?

The papers and television bring us daily reports about the happenings in the areas administered by Israel—Judea and Samaria (the "West Bank") and the Gaza Strip, and the allegedly poor treatment the Arabs receive at the hands of the Israeli authorities. Leaving the administered territories to future analysis, it is of interest to consider the status of Arab citizens in Israel proper.

What are the facts?

■ Israel is a democratic country—an open, pluralistic, and egalitarian society. Different religions, cultures, and social traditions coexist. Protection of such diversity is embedded in Israel's traditions and confirmed by the government. Seventeen per cent of the total population (700,000 people) are non-Jews, most of them Arabs, and some Druze. Like all other Israeli citizens, they have full rights to vote and to hold elective office. Both Arabs and Druze hold seats in the Knesset, the Israeli parliament. Every Knesset, since the founding of the state in 1948, has had Arab and Druze members. All transactions in the Knesset are simultaneously translated into Arabic, and Arab members may address the Knesset in Arabic.

■ It is official policy of the Israeli government to foster the language, culture, and traditions of the Arab minority, in the educational system and in daily life. Arabic is an official language in Israel, together with Hebrew. Israel's Arabic press is the most vibrant and independent of any country in the region: there are more than 20 Arabic periodicals. They publish what they please, subject only to the same military censorship as Jewish publications. There are daily TV and radio programs in Arabic. Arabic is taught in Jewish secondary schools. Israeli universities are renowned centers of learning in the history and literature of the Arab Middle East.

■ Education and literacy of the Arab population in Israel is as high and probably higher than in any Arab country. The literacy rate among Israeli Arabs is 95%, virtually the same as for Israeli Jews. There are some 700 Arab educational institutions in Israel, with about 200,000 students—17 times as many as in 1948, when the State of Israel was created. 90% of Arab children attend school, probably the highest ratio of any Arab population anywhere. Israeli universities and technical institutions are freely available to the Arabs. About 3,000 Arab students attend such schools.

■ All religious communities in Israel enjoy the full protection of the State. Israeli Arabs—Moslems, as well as many Christian denominations—are free to exercise their faiths, to observe their own weekly day of rest and holidays, and to administer their own internal affairs. Each community has its own religious councils and courts, and has full jurisdiction over religious affairs, including matters of personal status, such as marriage and divorce. The holy sites of all religions are administered by their own authorities and protected by the government.

■ In contrast to the non-Israeli Arab world, Arab women in Israel enjoy the same status as men. Israeli law grants women equal rights, including the right to vote and to be elected to public office, prohibits polygamy and child marriage, and has thus vastly changed the status of women, to far above that of any country in the region. Israeli health standards are by far the highest in the Middle East. Israeli health institutions are freely open to all Arabs, on the same basis as they are to Jews.

■ There is, however one difference between the "rights" of Arabs and Jews in Israel. Israeli and Druze men are required to do three years of military service and then serve one month every year until they are 50. Arabs are exempted from military duty and are not required to perform any compensating civilian service. Since the surrounding Arab states, with the recent exception of Egypt, are the avowed enemies of Israel and are dedicated to its destruction, this exemption is granted by the Israeli Government to its Arab citizens, so as to spare them conflicts of loyalty and conscience.

Contrary to propaganda and to what many believe, the Arabs in Israel are full-fledged citizens, enjoy every civil right, and have the same status in law as Jewish Israelis. In summary, they enjoy the highest standards of living and liberty of any Arabs in the Middle East. It is instructive and sobering to compare the condition of the approximately 700,000 Arabs in Israel with that of the pitiful remnants of Jewry in Arab countries. Jews have been living in Arab countries for almost 2000 years. Under Arab dominance, they were always third-class citizens and subject to harassment and to persecution. There were about 900,000 Jews in Arab countries in 1948—now there are fewer than 25,000. But there are now 700,000 Arabs in Israel, as against 150,000 in 1948—a more than four-fold increase. These figures alone would seem to prove that things can't be all that bad for Arabs in Israel.

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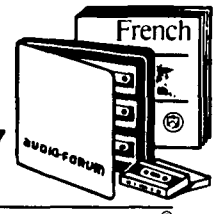

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THE CONTINUING CRISIS

• June passes and so has my displeasure with Pat Buchanan for trashing a third of the conservative movement and for giving encouragement to some rather unpleasant people. Now, let us get on with maintaining a movement, right, Pat?

• On June 4, the second anniversary of Peking's suppression of China's pro-democracy movement, Chinese officials announced that Miss Jiang Qing (Chiang Ching), widow of the late and callipygian Chairman Mao Tse-tung, had committed suicide on May 14. Why it took the authorities so long to announce her death was not immediately clear, though she had been in frail health for a long time and was moving very slowly in the last months of her life. She was condemned to death in 1981 for her role in the 1966-76 Cultural Revolution, but her sentence was commuted to life imprisonment after her brilliant courtroom defense, now cited by many American feminists as the precursor to the PMS (premenstrual syndrome) defense that has become the jewel of modern American jurisprudence. While on trial, Miss Jiang was given to violent outbursts, shrieks, howls, horselaughs, and even gurgles—particularly when her estimable husband was mentioned. "I was Chairman Mao's dog," the steatopygic ex-actress would say. "If he said bite someone, I bit him." Actually, Chairman Mao died of natural causes in 1976.

• Perhaps through coincidence, possibly through God's will, three days after the announcement of Miss Jiang's happy dispatch, the *Washington Post* reported the PMS defense brilliantly executed by Dr. Geraldine K. Richter, 42. Upon being arrested on suspicion of drunk driving in Fairfax County, Virginia, last Thanksgiving, the estimable Dr. Richter went ballistic. In his police report, state trooper S. M. Lunsford attested that Dr. Richter "tried to kick me in the groin area." The records show that after being handcuffed she shouted, "You son of a [expletive]; you [expletive] can't do this to me; I'm a doctor. I hope you [expletive] get shot and come into my hospital so I can refuse to treat you, or if any other trooper gets shot, I will also refuse to treat them." When the Breathalyzer test was presented, Dr. Richter "drop-kicked the Breathalyzer table." She eventually failed the test, but to Fairfax County General District Court Judge Robert J. Smith her PMS defense made perfect sense, and the learned judge found Dr. Richter not guilty—a commendable result in the very month that Chinese feminists lost one of their brightest lights.

• In an unhappy follow-up to last month's report on that hate campaign being waged against Western Illinois University's estimable Professor George R. Harker, WIU's Board of Governors met behind closed doors on June 20 and gave the distinguished professor, whose courses on the concepts and philosophy of leisure held so much promise for all varsity athletes and cheerleaders, the official heave-ho. Professor Harker had warned that he was the target of faculty "workaholics," some of whom teach as many as two courses a week for entire semesters before taking sick leave; and now they have nailed him. He is the first tenured professor to be dismissed in the school's 92-year history, and he was immediately barred from the university golf course, sauna, whirlpool, and mental health facilities—all important learning centers on a progressive campus these days. In Dayton, Ohio, a jury settled a dispute over the precise value of 45-year-old Miss Janet Phillips's vagina when it awarded the Centerville, Ohio, socialite $5 million in damages against a gynecologist who she has claimed reconstructed her prized possession without permission. According to the *New York Times*, Miss Phillips "showed no emotion" and "left the courtroom without speaking to reporters," who had important questions that now may never be asked. Her former gynecologist, the estimable Dr. James Burt, has insisted that his surgery was meant to "enhance the sexual pleasure of patients" and that he never operated without their consent. He is the author of *Surgery of Love*, privately published. On June 21, President Bush criticized the Senate for approving a highway construction bill that the President adjudges too costly. It was passed 91 to 7.

• A diverse team of scientists from the United States, France, and Britain has found a pre-human jawbone in the Otavia hills of northern Namibia. The scientists believe that the yellowed lower jaw, with gray teeth and a gum cavity for a tusk-like fang, could be the remains of an animal long thought to be the "missing link" between apes and humans, though the fossil does sound suspiciously like the jawbone of one of the estimable Madonna's early boyfriends; for that matter, it could be Madonna's were it not for that gum cavity. Radioactive cat droppings have been found in trash being transported to the Berkeley, California, waste disposal site. So much for that great metropolis's claim to being a nuclear-free zone. And a reputedly conservative Republican congressman has been found on stage at a Grateful Dead concert, where he protested his expulsion by that feculent group's security squad. The congressman is Rep. John Kasich from Ohio, and he claims neither public intoxication nor faulty navigational equipment as an excuse.

• A British newspaper has reported that France's first female prime minister, the estimable Mrs. Edith Cresson, bragged to an interviewer four years ago that Frenchmen were superior lovers (her sampling was demographically superb, though hygienically alarming) and that homosexuality is the sexual preference of 25 percent of British, German, and American men. The statement elicited widespread indignation in Britain but hardly any response at all in the United States, where many progressives considered it a compliment, or in Germany, where her estimate is probably low. Mount Unzen erupted over Shimabara, Japan, and Mount Pinatubo erupted in the Philippines for the first time since the fourteenth century. Still, no environmentalist seems to have gotten the hint that *the environment kills.*

• In Oakland, California's historic C. P. Bannon Mortuary, mourners at the wake for Mr. Derlin Hines were greatly inconvenienced during the wake's "quiet hour" when Mr. Hines's bereaved wife drew a semi-automatic weapon and fired at several men, one of whom had innocently removed a photograph of the couple from the coffin and torn it to shreds. There were no further fatalities. In Sacramento, California, an unfortunate personality clash between Mr. Frank Snyder, of the privately operated Suicide Prevention Center, and Mr. Ben Carlson, a frequent caller to the center, has led to Mr. Snyder's arrest. Hoping to dissuade Mr. Carlson from taking his life, Mr. Snyder took him fishing and introduced him to new friends, but he found Mr. Carlson tedious and so importunate that he eventually attempted to murder him because he "didn't think he [Mr. Carlson] had the guts" to take his own life. Mr. Snyder is no longer employed by the center. In London, England, sensing that the times are not propitious for promoting good manners, members of The Polite Society have suspended operations.

• That "connoisseur-quality" marijuana grown on secret farms throughout the West, allegedly by members of the famed Hog Farm commune under the direction of the estimable Mr. Gerald Cedar, may no longer be made available to the editors of the *Nation*. The Drug Enforcement Agency has seized the hallucinatory agronomist's land, and he and his family now languish in an Arizona hoosegow. America's multi-million dollar mortuary industry is under fire. In Houston, the mortuary of Mr. Earl Pruitt twice presented the wrong body to the wake of Mr. Tom Butler. The family to which Mr. Pruitt's employees initially mis-sent his body for an open-coffin wake never did catch on, thinking their deceased loved one was supposed to look different. How Mr. Pruitt mis-sent a second body to the Butler family has not been explained, but Mr. Pruitt's lawyer has opined cryptically: "So there's one error compounding another." In Middle Island, Long Island, the proprietors of the Long Island Pet Cemetery face criminal charges for cremating some 250,000 pets since 1984 and indis-

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criminately returning their ashes, giving, for instance, the ashes of a dog to a cat owner or those of an angel fish to the owner of an opossum. The pet cemetery's owners also face charges for dumping dead animals in four wooded areas near the cemetery, where they have become a health hazard for all save the gigantic rats that feed on them. Yet there is good news, too. That dispute between the second wife of Mr. Peter Moldenhauer (deceased) and his two daughters from a previous marriage has been settled. They had gone to court to secure his ashes but in Florida's Dade County Circuit Court the solomonic Judge Robert Newman simply split Mr. Moldenhauer's ashes, giving an envelope to each party. Not all American judges are madcaps. —*RET*

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

ROBERT NOVAK ON PAT BUCHANAN

Surely, not *The American Spectator*? Yes, it is all too true. This lively and valued voice of the right has joined the *New York Times*, the *New Republic*, and *Commentary* in the assault on Patrick J. Buchanan.

The depiction last month of Buchanan as a Hell's Angel motorcycling right winger, both in the cover portrait and the cover story ("The Conservative Bully Boy"), marks the first barrage in his attempted demolition that does not come from a writer or publication directly connected with either the left or the Israeli lobby. What's more, the author, David Frum, concludes by calling for Buchanan's repudiation by all conservatives.

Why? In my opinion, it is unlikely this attack would have been launched had not *TAS* been listed by Buchanan in a column as the recipient of financial aid from neoconservatives, which he assails. It can safely be predicted, as J. Danforth Quayle can confirm, that anybody—conservative or not—who fires on *TAS* will get as much or better in return. That attests to the feistiness of this publication and its editor-in-chief, R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr., whose refusal to suffer slurs silently is a quality I applaud.

What's more, I agree with some points made early in Frum's article about the futility of the neocon funding debate. I do not deign to tell Pat Buchanan what to write, but I believe he would be better off trashing liberals than sniping at William J. Bennett (who defended him when A. M. Rosenthal launched the smear campaign against him). I also share Frum's disagreement with Buchanan's nationalistic stands on trade and immigration, which are bad politics and bad policy.

But the neocon dispute hardly justifies writing Buchanan out of the conservative movement. The right—as well as the left—is split on trade and immigration, so Buchanan is by no means isolated in his views. Clearly there is not enough here to sustain a full-length article attacking Buchanan on the merits of his writings.

Instead, Frum from the opening paragraph launches an *ad hominem* attack portraying Buchanan as an embarrassment to genteel conservatives, among whom he apparently lists himself. Frum is a member of the renowned editorial-page staff of the *Wall Street Journal*, whose virtues include a willingness to venture out of the office for shoe-leather reporting. Regrettably, he did not bother to interview Buchanan or anybody who knows him well, but has relied exclusively on his written word.

That would be acceptable were Frum not launching an assault on not merely the views but the character of a man he does not know. His principal foundation for depicting Buchanan as a barroom tough is *Right from the Beginning*, Buchanan's charming and self-deprecatory memoir of a middle-class Catholic boyhood in Washington, D.C. His account of adolescent brawling has become the basis of psycho-babbling analysis by one Buchanan-basher after another, and Frum now joins the parade.

None of this would be worth comment were it not for Frum's startling conclusion: "How deeply into kookery can a man who claims to speak for conservatism go before other conservatives are obliged to repudiate him?" Since nothing Frum has written justifies such an "obligation," he packs into his final paragraph the throwaway line that Buchanan's "real message is inseparable from his sly Jew-baiting." He closes by comparing Buchanan with Gerald L. K. Smith and the John Birchers.

This is a wicked caricature that bears no resemblance to the Pat Buchanan I have known for over twenty years as a news source, a colleague, and a friend. Personally, he is a man of unfailing good manners and discretion who does not faintly resemble Frum's ruffian. Professionally, his self-discipline enabled him to perform with strict restraint in two hitches as a White House aide and with unvarying fairness as a moderator on CNN's "Capital Gang."

Ideologically, Buchanan is no kook but an eloquent and effective spokesman for mainstream conservative causes, and he certainly meets Frum's test of "what should be done tomorrow morning." He is firm for limited government, traditional cultural values, and a strong national defense. He has been a stalwart in the long struggle against Communism and performed signal service in alerting the world to the follies and excesses of global financial institutions. Does this vary from what the *Wall Street Journal* and *The American Spectator* espouse? Not a bit.

In fact, Buchanan's position as a major conservative spokesman—perhaps even a presidential candidate—was undisputed until he opposed U.S. military intervention in the Persian Gulf and noted that emphatic backing for the use of American military force came from friends of Israel. Abe Rosenthal's infamous *New York Times* column triggered the campaign suddenly defaming Buchanan as anti-Semitic.

Frum brands Buchanan's opposition to intervention (which ended promptly once American troops were in combat) with the label of "isolationism." He then indicts Buchanan for inconsistency, belittling his concern with Communist oppression in Nicaragua, Angola, and Lithuania. That raises the question of who is the heretic. Frum apparently does not understand the tenet of the conservative movement that the priority for U.S. power, since we cannot serve as policeman for the world, has been to stop the spread of Communist poison.

It is especially painful to read this calumniation in *TAS*, particularly in view of Bob Tyrrell's view that conservatives must band together and stop shooting their own wounded to avoid the "conservative crack-up." It might be argued that Buchanan began the exchange with an ill-advised attack on the neocons, but his errant sniping has been answered with a nuclear counterattack.

It is particularly reprehensible that an article that starts by questioning Buchanan's criticism of neoconservative funding ends with a gratuitous accusation of "Jew-baiting." The connection is ludicrous. The two targets most vocally unhappy about Buchanan's neocon column—Tyrrell and Bill Bennett—are, like Buchanan, Roman Catholics (Tyrrell a fellow parishioner of Buchanan, Bennett a fellow alumnus of Washington's Gonzaga High School).

A final word on anti-Semitism. In the wake of Hitler's Holocaust, it is unpardonable and impermissible. But the very unacceptability of the offense mandates that any accusation must be founded in fact, not in surmise or fancy. Buchanan is no anti-Semite, as anybody who knows him well will avow. Nor does the body of his writing support the indictment. But merely to level this charge, however unsupported it is, is to inflict serious damage on him. That indeed seems to be its purpose.

Thus, the only justification for David Frum's character assassination is to join the ongoing campaign to destroy Pat Buchanan as a conservative force in America. That is a disservice not only to its target but to those who published it. —*Robert D. Novak*
Washington, D.C.

David Frum replies:
It is simply bizarre to suggest—as Robert Novak seems to—that it is unfair to judge a writer by his writings. Patrick Buchanan has put millions of words into print; if the essence of the man is to be found anywhere it is there, and not in his friends' polite comments about what an affable chap he is.

Novak's unwillingness to judge writers by their writing prevents him from

(continued on page 35)

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EDITORIALS

HOW HIGH THE BOUNCE?

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

Apropos of God knows what, I just heard Mr. Rod MacLeish, a commentator on a *Christian Science Monitor* radio news program, announce that we are in the midst of a long and deep recession (or did he say wide and deep?). What is more, he sobbed that unemployment had become catastrophic. Obviously, Mr. MacLeish is one of the Republic's many practitioners of herd journalism. In herd journalism one always has to be in step with the herd, regardless of the cost to accuracy or even to lucidity.

Truth be known, the evidence is that we are coming out of recession, and may have been out of recession some months ago. Whatever the case, there is no reason to say that this recession has been anything but short and shallow. As for our unemployment rate, though unemployment is always about as welcome as the flu, in this recession it has been relatively mild. Herd journalists have for a decade spoken of the economy only in morbid terms, but if they want something genuine to rumble about they might lament that nothing much is being done to ensure a healthy period of economic rebound.

Alan Reynolds, an economist of independent mind with an uncommon record of accurate prophecies, believes that the economy is in a period of expansion and has been for some time. The seasonally adjusted data that he cites is on the upsurge, an upsurge not as effervescent as one might wish, but effervescent enough to signal economic recovery. Housing bottomed in January, Reynolds observes. Automobile and truck production bottomed in December.

As the Bush Administration argues, the recession was probably triggered by fears that a protracted Gulf war would send oil prices heavenward. Such fears stampeded retailers into cutting inventories and producers into cutting capital investment. With the end of the One Hundred Hours' War, investors were reassured, and now from all over the world investment in the U.S. is expanding. Evidence of recovery can be seen in the stock and bond markets. In May the index of the National Association of Purchasing Managers rose for the third straight month, suggesting a continued increase in production over the next thirty to sixty days; and, according to the Commerce Department, April's construction showed the largest increase in fourteen months.

So while the herd journalists maunder on about recession, depression, and apocalypse now, the real question is How High the Bounce, and for how long?

Serious students of the economy who have also had something to do with making it buoyant in the 1980s doubt that there is going to be any bounce at all. Theodore Forstmann of Forstmann Little & Co. prospered from the 1980s economy, understanding its strengths and remonstrating against its weaknesses. As one of the nation's preeminent capitalists, he is urging a very sensible measure on Congress and the Bush Administration.

The economy's problem right now, according to Forstmann, is a credit crunch for mid-range companies and for new businesses. Fearful of federal regulators' scrutiny, the banks are being extremely stingy about extending loans to such companies. Such companies are vital, however, to a healthy, sustained recovery because they are always the main source of new jobs and products. Forstmann urges the elimination of the capital gains tax, certainly on assets held for more than three years.

The capital gains tax has a negative effect on the liquidity of capital assets and on capital formation. The Republicans fear that cutting the tax will play into the Democrats' plans for one more campaign pitting the rich against the poor. But America is dominated by neither the rich nor the poor. It is a middle-class country, and the middle class recognizes that capital gains taxes prevent the barber from selling his shop, investing in the stocks of a mid-range business, and retiring to Florida.

Under present conditions the barber gets scalped for selling his asset. He can foresee no great benefit in buying stock in a somewhat risky but promising enterprise, for if the stock appreciates handsomely the barber gets scalped again. Cutting capital gains is not of great importance to the rich. They can sit on their assets for a generation. Its real importance is for the middle class . . . and for the middle-class entrepreneur who will sustain the economic recovery now taking place. □

Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Post *column syndicated by King Features.*

THE NOBLE RACIST

If discussions of the 1991 Civil Rights Bill elicit from you symptoms more normally associated with the flu or a hangover, Senator Kennedy has you where he wants you. The latest Liberal tactic for passing pet legislation is not to intone soaring rhetoric or to promise a chicken in every pot but to devise legislation so complex, confusing, and tricky that the mere contemplation of it causes, in the normal citizen, headaches and nausea.

The tortured meanings that the Democratic leadership forces upon such terms as "quotas," "affirmative action," "racial goals," "race-norming," and other arcana are concocted to dissuade ordinary Americans from any further consideration of these dread topics. Liberal Democrats have decided that the less a potential opponent knows about these inscrutable terms the better it is for the so-called civil rights agenda.

Many years ago, one of the most trenchant students of democratic society, Professor Sidney Hook of New York University's Department of Philosophy, argued that one of the requirements of a working democracy is that its laws be comprehensible to the average citizen. America's Liberals are not going to fall into that trap. If Americans understood the 1991 Civil Rights Bill, most would be against it. Most Americans do not want a society that bases its judgments on a person's race, color, creed, etc. Advocates of the 1991 Civil Rights Bill do.

American Liberalism has joined with the racists and other bigots in putting race, ethnicity, gender, and even financial worth above considerations of individual merit. What separates the Liberal from the Klansman is that the Liberal is a racist in a good cause, black improvement. The Klansman is a racist in a bad cause, black oppression. The Liberal is the Noble Racist. It is a cate-

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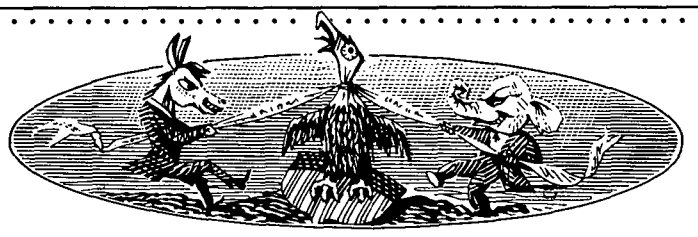
gory unforeseen a generation ago, when all Liberals and advocates of civil liberties dreamed of a color-blind America.

The Democrats' 1991 Civil Rights Bill attempts to overthrow a 1989 Supreme Court decision, *Wards Cove Packing Co.* v. *Atonio.* That decision allows employers to use the criterion of competence to decide whether a job applicant is hired. Fearing that blacks, Hispanics, and certain other minorities might not fare as well as whites under such a criterion, the advocates of the 1991 Civil Rights Bill want to make it dangerous for employers to use. They want to make it easier to sue the companies that use such criteria, and harder for the companies to justify them. A company's best defense against such suits will be to hire a percentage of minorities equal to the percentage of each minority in the area. That is to say employers, if they want to avoid expensive lawsuits, will quietly adopt quotas.

But the smiling advocates of the Democratic bill insist their bill will not mandate quotas. Well, remember, we are dealing with politicians who have a record for shiftiness. Words are putty in their hands—it would be undignified to say mouths. They call tax increases "revenue enhancement." They call welfare checks entitlements. Moreover, they pay very little attention to the legacy of our Constitution. One of the fundamental tenets of our law is that one is presumed innocent until proven guilty. The whole point of the 1991 Civil Rights Bill is to shift the burden of proof from the accuser to the accused.

In the *Wards Cove* decision, the Supreme Court returned civil rights law to the enlightened American legal tradition from which it had strayed. The burden of proof was again with the accuser. The Democrats are quite forthright in wanting the burden of proof to be placed on the accused. They want it to be harder for an employer to prove that, in his heart of hearts, when he passed over a certain job applicant, he harbored no consideration other than competence. Can you think of any other area of law in which the accused has to prove what was in his conscience when he made a decision? Can Senator Kennedy prove that in advocating the 1991 Civil Rights Bill he is intent on helping black workers rather than buying off civil rights leaders? Can he prove that his heart abounds with virtue rather than base motives? He is demanding such a demonstration from American employers, and their only recourse will be to keep an eye on the racial makeup of their workforce. That, Senator Kennedy, foreordains quotas. □

CAPITOL IDEAS



GOOD AS GOULD

by Tom Bethell

Stanford, California

Stephen Jay Gould came out from behind a curtain and walked briskly to the podium, briefcase in hand. Good for Gould! He had already taken off his jacket, loosened his banker's tie, and rolled up his sleeves—the better to get down to the business of telling us what's right and what's wrong in evolutionary biology. Stretched out before him in the Memorial Auditorium was this huge shining sea of Stanford undergraduates, who had come to imbibe a little user-friendly political science from the hugely popular Gould. This was the opening session of the university's centennial symposium, "Ethnicity, Equity and Environment: Confronting a Global Dilemma."

Mustachioed and a wee bit portly, Gould, who teaches biology at Harvard, had given strict instructions to the Stanford organizers that no photographs were to be taken, no videotape record made. Nonetheless, so strong was the urge to make a permanent record that someone a few rows back hoisted a *verboten* camera. Just in time, Gould spotted the rascal and stopped in mid-sentence. He laid down the indispensable flashlight that directs a speck of light to the screen, where he was showing slides. "I really meant that about not taking any photographs," he said, his voice weary and a little saddened by the need to interrupt one lecture for the sake of another. He pointed out that we wouldn't *think* of photographing a concert artist in the middle of a recital, and I think we all felt chastened.

Gould's slides illustrated the wrongheadedness of unfashionable biology. They reminded us that we live in a society that is still fundamentally racist, still fundamentally sexist, still unregenerate, still too comfortable by half. Most of us don't even know it ourselves, of course, but our "familiar iconographies of evolution" give the game away, because they are directed toward reinforcing a comfortable view of human inevitability and cultural superiority. Take this March of Progress, for example, illustrated by the well-known single-file series, ape to man walking to the right, becoming more upright and (the moving speck of flashlight telling us where to look) *becoming progressively lighter skinned.* Our revealing iconography! Ooooh, go the students. They hadn't noticed that, but do you think it had escaped Stephen Jay Gould?

March-of-progress iconography not only false but racist! Us bad, then. Bad and incorrigible. Still comfortable, but by now should be uncomfortable in view of numerous Gould sermons and lectures! We're still unconsciously racist (consciously, in the case of the right-wingers lurking in our midst); and we still believe in human superiority, not realizing we are a mere mammalian after-thought, pitiful latecomers, a gloriously lucky accident! Don't we realize we're a *mere twig* on the copiously branching bush of life? (No-oooh.) On brink of total annihilation at any moment? (Serves us right, then.)

Whenever he puts pen to paper, Gould valiantly combats our backsliding, our same old retrograde tendency to put on airs as the Lords of Creation and . . . (yes, it's true) superior to the snails. Oh, he has our number, this Gould, doesn't he? He has us dead to rights.

Gould has this habit of disparaging his own predecessors at Harvard, whenever he discovers that they arrived at conclusions intellectually fashionable in their day but unfashionable now. He goes through old drawers, compares letters excerpted in memoirs with their unexpurgated versions and takes pleasure in displaying the dirty linen. Wouldn't you know it, Louis Agassiz, professor of zoology at Harvard in the nineteenth century, was a racist *and* a creationist? Gould showed us a slide of a statue of Agassiz at Stanford, knocked to the ground in the October 1989 earthquake. The slide showed the great man headfirst in the ground like an unexploded rocket. (Ha ha ha ha.)

Gould seems not to realize that evolutionary theory is so unconstrained by facts that it is capable of accommodating any political point of view. He finds it "disturbing" that the textbook used by John Scopes to teach evolution in Tennessee, *A Civic Biology*, contained "racist nonsense," even though it was deferential to Gould's hero, Charles Darwin. Particularly interesting is his essay on Nathaniel Southgate Shaler, included in the recently published *Bully for Brontosaurus.* This is Gould's own favorite among the thirty-five essays reprinted from his *Natural History* series "This View of Life." (I disagree with Gould across the board, but in fairness I should add that he is a very readable essayist.)

Although unknown today, Shaler was Harvard's most popular professor by far. "His classes overflowed, and his students poured forth praise . . ." At the Harvard tercentenary, in 1936, he was named twelfth out of fifty people most important to the history of the university. As we would expect, he deferred to "comfortable convention" and for a while he accepted the creationism of his superior, Agassiz. Then, like everyone else, he became an evolutionist. The bad news? He believed that the human races "are separate species, properly and necessarily kept apart both on public conveyances and in bedrooms." Within the context of the "genteel racism of patrician Boston," Gould tells us, Shaler "reserved his lowest opinion for black Americans," supported the Immigration Restriction League, and so on. Gould concludes that Shaler used his intellect to construct "an elaborate rationale for contemporary preferences, never challenging the conservative as-

Tom Bethell is The American Spectator*'s Washington correspondent and a media fellow at the Hoover Institution.*

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sumptions of his class and culture."

I wonder if Gould can see that, if we replace the word *conservative* with *liberal*, the last sentence also applies to himself? *His* world, of course, is not the genteel racism of patrician Boston, but the genteel nihilism of modern Cambridge. I was about to say "Marxism," which Gould once said he had learned at his daddy's knee, but that is dying and Gould has toned it down. A colleague of his told me once that Gould's ambition was to become America's public philosopher. No doubt he recognized that the Marxist label wouldn't help—too fringy. Politically, Gould now seems to be no further to the left of center than George Will is to the right of it. (Not very, in other words.)

Did Gould ever have a prejudice that his science didn't confirm? And he accuses *us* of complacency! Of course, nothing is calculated to make his "class and culture" feel more comfortable than the rebuke that they are too comfortable. When he writes that, if the human race eliminated itself in its "puny foolishness," the earth "might then breathe a metaphorical sigh of relief at the ultimate failure of an interesting but dangerous experiment in consciousness," we realize that he's not saying something daring but exhibiting perfect pitch—perfect resonance with the assumptions of his class.

Gould uses evolutionary theory to argue not for racial superiority, of course, but for racial equality. This might seem surprising on its face. If anything, evolution predicts differentiation. Not even in *Animal Farm*, and surely not in Darwin's theory, do all animals end up equal. Gould makes fun of his predecessors for drawing the (plausible) inference of inequality from evolution and proceeds to draw a most implausible one himself. The hare might beat the tortoise, or the tortoise the hare, but it would be irrational to predict a dead heat between the two. Still, Gould treats evolution with such a proprietary air that he seems to feel he can make it come out any way he wants—including dead heats where needed.

The common ancestor of all humans "existed not that long ago," he told the Stanford students. "Say a quarter of a million years ago." Which "doesn't permit enough time for us to diverge into deep differences of intellectual capacity and moral worth. There hasn't been the time. Biological equality is a fact resulting from our surprising recency of origin." In other words: "Differences really are skin-deep." Okay, I believe in an approximate human equality, too (and certainly in an equality of rights), but then I never thought to base such a belief on evolutionary theory. If it's equality we want, maybe we're better off arguing that we're all equal in God's sight. But the argument wouldn't appeal to Gould (and for the sufficient reason that it lies outside science).

Evolutionary theory impartially lends a scientific veneer to nativists in one century and egalitarians in the next. As late as the 1960s, alleged racists seized on the argument of Carleton Coon (another Harvard man) in *The Origin of Races*, that blacks split off from *Homo erectus* later than whites—and therefore are "less evolved" than whites. Coon's argument is now thought to lack a factual basis. But this shifting assessment of the facts is typical. Do we really know anything at all about human evolution? The "facts" are so murky (perhaps nonexistent), shifting from decade to decade, subject to the constant revision of cultural fashion and the influence of subtly felt political pressure, that they can fit any creed. Notice that, even if correct, Coon's facts could be given an opposite interpretation. Recent splitting off from the main stem could as easily imply superiority as inferiority. Gould is right when he says that morphological differences can't be ranked. They also can't be denied.

These days, Gould is eager to rebut the notion of progress in biology. "Progress is nonsense," he said at Stanford.

Orthodox Catholics: DON'T DESPAIR!

Anne Roche Muggeridge, daughter-in-law of convert Malcolm Muggeridge, has said in her recent book, *The Desolate City: Revolution in the Catholic Church* (Harper & Row): "Because the integrity of its message has been betrayed, the Catholic Church is in ruins. Yet even now there are converts, of exceptionally high quality, and their number is increasing with the tenure of the present Pope. Catholics watched with a mixture of pity and amusement as the excellent Anglo-Catholic *New Oxford Review* argued and agonized itself into the [Roman] Catholic Church. I know a substantial number of recent converts like this and am much edified by their purity and ardour. Seven of them are my godchildren, and I must confess that some of us, to our shame, earnestly tried to delay them, on the grounds of the growing disorder in the Catholic Church. They forced their way past us anyway, thank God. They come because at the highest level of Catholic teaching, the doctrine of the faith, though much embattled, remains uncompromised and is as fearlessly proclaimed by John Paul II as by Peter, Paul, Ignatius, or Augustine. These new Catholics and the extraordinary Pope to whom they belong are a very present comfort when one is tempted to despair."

Over the last quarter century, the number of converts to Roman Catholicism slowed to a trickle. But now, a new wave of converts is entering the Church. What's more, contrary to the shibboleth that Catholicism is a superstitious religion for the ignorant, an unusually high proportion of the new Catholics consists of writers and intellectuals. Among them, it may be hoped, is another Chesterton, another Maritain, another Newman, another Ronald Knox, another Dorothy Day, another Gerard Manley Hopkins, another Edith Stein – converts all.

The new converts are not attracted to the diluted Catholicism of the Hans Kungs, the Charles Currans, or those who sign ads favoring legal abortion. No, they are attracted by the Catholicism of the ages, the Magisterium, and the inspiring leadership of the current Pope.

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Partly, he doesn't want us to feel superior to the shrimps (the arthropods are "the dominant animals on earth today," he tendentiously asserts in *Wonderful Life*); partly, I suspect, he wants to deny to Christians and other religionists any reason for thinking that the "staircase" of evolution was God's way of creating man. Still, attacking progress is a risky strategy from his materialist perspective because it could also undermine belief in evolution.

Darwin's alleged machinery of evolution—natural selection—was really nothing more than the importation of the Victorian idea of progress into nature, or, as Bertrand Russell put it, "laissez faire economics applied to the animal and vegetable kingdoms." Without progress, evolution is reduced to mere chance; the ladder of ascent becomes the tangled bush that so pleases Gould, and Darwinian natural selection is exposed as a bare tautology—the survival of the fittest, who are inevitably defined as the survivors. My belief is that, among the general population, the theory of evolution today commands nowhere near the respect that it once did, probably because the idea of progress is now so suspect—and rightly suspect, given this century's record of wars, gulags, Communism, and nuclear weapons.

It's not the creationists' legal challenges that threaten the evolutionary faith of Gould and others. (Incidentally, I agree with Gould that these challenges should never have been brought; evolution deserves to be overthrown—but by argument, not by legal officers.) It may turn out that evolution only seemed plausible in the context of a particular intellectual and social environment—an environment that is now quite un-Victorian. (Marxism, with its "phases" of history, was also an offshoot of progress.)

Strictly speaking, the theory of evolution simply expresses the claim that all organisms have parents, but "evolution" also embodies the idea of onward-and-upward movement. It was the (Victorian) belief in *this* idea that convinced people for about a hundred years that Darwin had discovered the actual mechanism of evolution: namely, the "improving machinery" (onward and upward) of natural selection. Now comes Gould, as faithful as Shaler ever was to the respectable assumptions of his day, and he has no time at all for this onward-and-upward nonsense. Cambridge Nihilism will have none of it! Fine by me, but the Darwinian machinery goes out with that bathwater.

How did all this "wonderful life" arise? Darwin thought "the survival of the fittest" answered that question. Stripped of its tautology, however, this boils down to the feeble point that some organisms have more offspring than others. Some years ago, in an article in *Harper's* (1976), I discussed the tautology objection to Darwinism, and Gould responded in *Natural History* (reprinted in his *Ever Since Darwin*). Now I see that he has brought it up again in his *Wonderful Life* (1989). His argument includes a glaring fallacy to which I never bothered to reply. It would take too many paragraphs now, so I shall do so (fifteen years late, I admit) in a future column.

Meanwhile, the defects of Darwinism provide good ammunition for some outside the field of biology. They include Phillip Johnson, a professor of law at U.C. Berkeley, whose excellent *Darwin on Trial* was recently published by Regnery Gateway. Also, MIT Press has just published *Beyond Natural Selection*, by the Hoover Institution's Robert Wesson. What never ceases to amaze me is the arrogance of people like Gould, who think they know how such complex creatures as mere snails came into existence, when all they even claim to know is that they appeared by random mutation, of which "the fittest survived." This is hubris, not science—a point that would appeal to Robert Wesson. □

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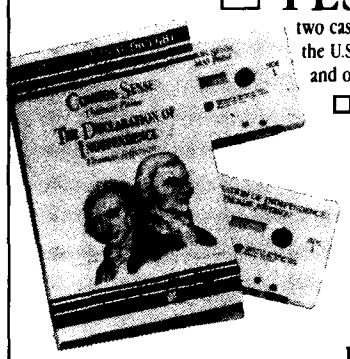

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IS THE POPE CAPITALIST?

Not if you ask an American bishop.

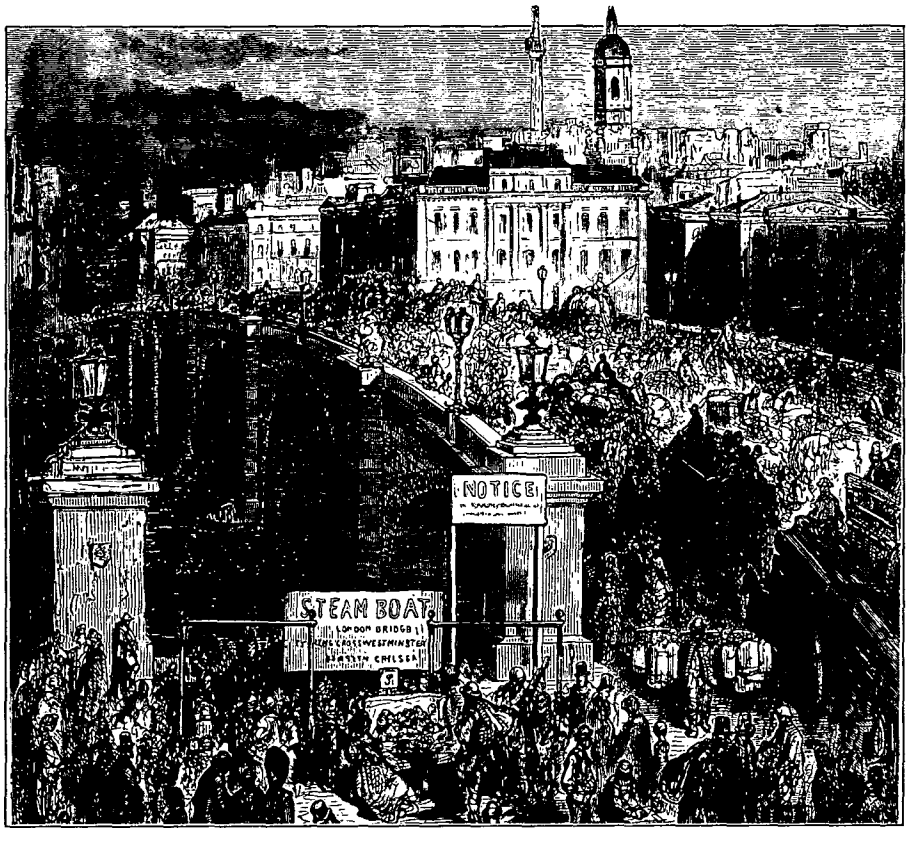
On May 2, 1991, readers of the *Wall Street Journal* opened their pages to find an op-ed piece by Richard John Neuhaus pegged to the release of the Pope's new encyclical. Keep that date in mind. The document itself was entitled *Centesimus Annus* ("The Hundredth Year"), celebrating the centenary of the first and greatest of all social encyclicals, Leo XIII's *Rerum Novarum*. Both were efforts to adapt Catholic teaching to a world dramatically changed: Leo's by the industrial revolution and the concomitant rise of socialism; John Paul's by the collapse of Communism in Eastern Europe and the rejuvenation of market capitalism worldwide. Like Leo, John Paul II has mapped out the direction Catholic social teaching on the economy will take for a century to come.

Precisely for this reason, the *Journal* piece became the focus of heated disagreement. The immediate argument against Neuhaus was somewhat disingenuous: that he had jumped the gun by publishing his article before the permitted deadline. In fact, *Journal* editors had been operating under the assumption that the encyclical was to be released May 1 (an impression I shared until after the fact). Msgr. George Higgins, a veteran labor activist and member of the United States Catholic Conference (the bishops' lobby in Washington), complained about this alleged breach of faith in a lengthy letter to the editor, though this segment was not published. In any case, the flap over deadlines was much ado about nothing, inasmuch as the embargo was for 6:00 a.m. May 2. The only people who could be said to have had an unfair head start were those who picked up their *Journal* before six that Friday morning.

Of course, what really rankled the monsignor was not Neuhaus's timing but his message. On May 24, Higgins devoted his column in *Catholic New York* to the piece, in which he took particular exception to Neuhaus's statement that "capitalism is the economic corollary of the Christian understanding of man's nature and destiny." In his own letter to the editor, Neuhaus met the objection head-on:

> If by "capitalism" we mean what the Holy Father variously calls the "new capitalism," "the market economy," and "the free economy," I believe the formulation to which Msgr. Higgins objects catches the gist of *Centesimus Annus* quite precisely. The theological heart of the encyclical is the argument, spelled out over many pages, that man's nature and destiny is to be understood in terms of God's call to freedom. Human freedom, the pope says in at least a dozen different ways, requires a free social order, including a free economy. That is what it means to say that capitalism is "the economic corollary" of human nature and destiny. Readers who may be confused by Msgr. Higgins' crusty criticism of what I wrote will no doubt want to study the encyclical and find out for themselves what the Holy Father is saying.

Good advice. Not just because John Paul writes so clearly here, but because reliance on ostensibly neutral church institutions might lead one astray. For example, the press release put out by the U.S. bishops is highly selective in its choice of quotations. At one point—where the Pope is talking about limits on the State—there are ellipses in the middle. The sentence left out noted that the State could not guarantee everyone a job "unless it controlled every aspect of economic life and restricted the free initiative of individuals." Less charitable observers might argue that this line was omitted because in section 154 of their own pastoral letter in 1984, the bishops argued that because "the market alone will not automatically produce full employment . . . the government must act to ensure that this goal is achieved."



In sharp contrast to the faith the U.S. bishops continue to place in their government to redress problems, John Paul places his trust in human creativity nurtured in freedom and cultivated by virtue, hence his primary emphasis on moral climate. If this sounds different from what usually comes out of the Vatican, it's meant to. Popularly debated as an economic treatise, *Centesimus Annus* is really a teaching about human nature and its relation to work and freedom. Accordingly, the encyclical's celebration of capitalism is not an endorsement of a specific system but a recognition that the market's foundation on free associations and contracts between labor and capital best enables man to carry out "his role as a cooperator with God in the work of creation."

You might not have known this if you had to rely on headlines like the *New York Times*'s "Papal Encyclical Urges Capitalism to Shed Injustices," which misleads on two counts: it ignores part of the story, and the part it reports is not the part that's news. What is new is a devastating indictment of the welfare state and its depersonalization through programs that breed bureaucracy and dependence. No less new is the Pope's straightforward celebration of a capitalism that "recognizes the fundamental and positive role of business, the market, private property and the resulting responsibility for the means of production as well as free human creativity in the economic system."

To be sure, various Popes have recognized the legitimacy of different components of a free market (e.g., *Rerum Novarum*'s unabashed insistence on the legitimacy of private property), and non-Catholics may reasonably be bewildered at the claims and counterclaims advanced within the Catholic social debate. But this is the first time that the different facets of a market system have been presented within an overall struc-

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ture of freedom that knits these accepted Catholic social principles together with unprecedented coherence.

Nor is it any accident that the author is a Pole. Communism's collapse in Eastern Europe is John Paul's explicit point of departure, and he points to the pivotal role played by the free trade union Solidarity: "On the basis of a hard, lived experience of work and oppression, it was they who recovered and, in a sense, rediscovered the context and principles of the church's social doctrine." In contrast to the American Catholic Church, where the clergy has usurped many areas of activism best left to laymen, in Poland the dynamic between Solidarity and the Church is much more in line with the role for the laity promoted in the Second Vatican Council. No surprise, then, that in the U.S. the main critics of *Centesimus Annus* have come from the clergy.

This progression from actual experience to conclusions is itself a dramatic departure, and a welcome one. In previous encyclicals, a tendency toward overabstraction probably accounts for the naive trust reposed in the State, a trust that ignored the degree to which economic powers given over to a state to assist its citizens might easily be wielded to tyrannize them. Socialism took this error to the extreme, and John Paul clearly points out that the fundamental reason for socialism's practical failure is not economic but "anthropological": its treatment of man as a cog in a machine and not as an individual created in the image and likeness of God. This failure was not without moral consequences: "For a long time," he writes, "the most elementary relationships were distorted, and basic virtues of economic life, such as truthfulness, trustworthiness, and hard work were denigrated." As any other East European could tell you, the opposite of free competition is not cooperation but collusion.

Not least among the market's strengths is that it orders society so that success depends on consent rather than coercion. That capitalism draws participants into free associations with others to advance both their causes is what Thomas Aquinas might have called virtue formed by habit. Among liberal Catholic thinkers, the market's virtues are usually reduced to a grudging acknowledgment of its technical superiority, but it is hard to read the following section and not think that the Pope has gone much further than that. Here is how he describes the miracle of entrepreneurship:

> A person who produces something other than for his own use generally does so in order that others may use it after they have paid a just price, mutually agreed upon through free bargaining. It is precisely the ability to foresee both the needs of others and the combinations of productive factors most adapted to satisfying those needs that constitutes another important source of wealth in modern society. Besides, many goods cannot be adequately produced through the work of an isolated individual; they require the cooperation of many people in working towards a common goal. Organizing such a productive effort, planning its duration in time, making sure it corresponds in a positive way to the demands which it must satisfy, and taking the necessary risks—all this too is a source of wealth in today's society.

In many ways the Pope's description echoes similar observations made 150 years ago by Tocqueville, when he observed that, although America boasted an individualist ethic, the salient feature of daily American life was a spirit of cheerful cooperation and the proliferation of voluntary associations. Born free, capitalist man is everywhere in contract with his neighbor.

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This is not to say that *Centesimus Annus* has got everything right or even that all its parts fit neatly together. The Pope explains the reluctance of earlier Popes to go as far as he does by denouncing "early capitalism." At other points the encyclical implies that the poverty of the Third World is in some way related to the greed of the industrialized world (it would be interesting to have the Pope compare countries that have received huge amounts of Western aid with those that have not). And in a number of instances the Pope accepts without discussion dubious propositions about the relationship between, say, the environment and a free economy.

But within the context of the encyclical's broader themes these are quibbles. By closing off the exits with an unmistakable critique of socialism and the welfare state (both of which are cited by name), the Pope has finally slain the false god of Catholic social teaching: the idea of a "third way" between capitalism and Communism. If Catholic intellectuals are a tad touchy these days, it's because they've just had the rug pulled out from under them. As George Weigel, president of the Ethics and Public Policy Center, puts it, "It's pretty clear who's on offense and who's on defense here."

On a practical level, this change in emphasis will have its most direct consequences in the underdeveloped Catholic world, where—to paraphrase Czech finance minister Vaclav Klaus—"third way" rhetoric has led to Third World poverty. In these countries, many if not most of them rich in natural resources and pent-up human talent, John Paul's emphasis on participating in the international economy, coupled with his insistence on a fundamental human right to initiative or enterprise, the old protectionist ideas and classes may find themselves unable to answer this new challenge to their legitimacy. In the Philippines, for example, a finance minister whose efforts to bring down tariffs and exchange controls have been stymied by powerful Philippine business interests can now point to the Pope's warnings about the consequences of closing those doors. From Eastern Europe to Africa to Latin America, *Centesimus Annus* can be seen as the spiritual complement to Peruvian economist Hernando de Soto's *The Other Path*.

On an intellectual level, the more interesting developments will be in the U.S., where the bulk of Catholic institutions and thinkers have invested so much time and effort calling into question the legitimacy of market institutions. The main reaction thus far appears to be shock. A second tack has been to look for the fine print and assert that what the Pope says in *Centesimus Annus* is what the U.S. bishops have been saying all along. The bishops were incensed by Neuhaus's admonition in the *Wall Street Journal* that they reexamine their controlling assumptions. "Silly," says Father J. Bryan Hehir, one of the drafters of the bishops' letter. According to John Carr, Secretary for Social Development and World Peace for the USCC in Washington, "You do not have to persuade the American bishops about the virtues of the market. These are people who have experienced the strength and efficiency of a market economy."

That may well be, but then again John Kenneth Galbraith has become filthy rich on the strengths and efficiencies of a free market he condemns. More to the point, these people like to cite the Pope's qualifying remarks about the market and his insistence that the collapse of Communism in Eastern Europe not be interpreted as a unilateral triumph of capitalism. That's true as far as it goes, but it's important to understand the nature of the Pope's qualifications and his understanding of a free economy.

Carr and Hehir like to speak about the market's "efficiency," its value as a "tool," and its undeniable superiority in "allocating resources." They avoid any acknowledgment that the market has an inherent moral worth of its own. The issue thus becomes the degree of state intervention rather than the nature. The American bishops, so the logic goes, simply draw the line at acceptable state intervention a little more loosely than the Pope. But even a casual reading of *Centesimus Annus* demonstrates quite clearly that these are neither the only nor even the most critical limits John Paul sees on the economy. Rather, the Pope speaks of a market bound by a moral culture with many mediating institutions, the most important of which is the family. In short, the cultivation of virtue is essential lest trust in the market become idolatrous, a point George Gilder has made more than once in his writings.

This is not an academic question. Just one week before the Pope released *Centesimus Annus*, the USCC put forth its list of positions on seventy-four legislative issues for this Congress. With the exception of supporting restrictions on abortion, the list is virtually indistinguishable from the Democratic party platform. And with the exception of support for increased tax relief for children, charity, and pensioners, almost all of the bishops' priorities call for increased government spending or regulation. How many American Catholics know that among the "top priorities" of their bishops is increased regulation of Cable Television, $200 million in funding for the Asbestos School Hazard Abatement Act, support for the Democrats' civil rights bill, and so forth? So long as the debate is limited to *how much* state intervention we want in the economy, we will have missed the Pope's point. The message of *Centesimus Annus* ought not to be confined to Bulgaria.

In fairness to those on the Catholic left, the general drift of Papal teachings these past few decades (particularly under Paul VI) supported their interpretations; to expect these same people, by and large blind to the moral underpinnings of a market, to adapt readily to an ethic of freedom is absurd. Just as important, many of those on the free-market side of the debate too easily dismissed the church's teachings about morals because previous Popes seemed to be saying that cultural decadence, depredation, and rot were an integral part of free societies in general and capitalism in particular. Now, certain libertarian absolutists may not cotton to the Pope's insistence that economics isn't everything. But the rest of us capitalists have no problem seeing a free economy

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as only one facet of a free existence.

Throughout *Centesimus Annus* John Paul takes pains to insist that it should not be read as a political treatise. This is not to say, however, that it is without awesome political implications. The real focus of the encyclical is the human person, stung by original sin but endowed by his Creator with a dignity and intelligence that find their full flowering in an atmosphere of ordered liberty. What a message of hope this is on the eve of the third millennium, not least to a developing world accustomed to World Bank studies and United Nations initiatives that treat people as mouths rather than minds. And how much sweeter this taste of freedom from a Pope who has known firsthand the bitter flavor of its absence.

"Catholics don't talk about change in authoritative church teaching, we talk about developments," says Neuhaus, who until last year was a prominent Lutheran theologian. "But it is safe to say that some developments are more breathtaking than others, and this is certainly one of them." □

Edward Norden

RIGHT BEHIND YOU, SCARLETT!

A reservist in the Israel Defense Forces is stunned by post-Gulf War moves to allow American women front-line combat roles in the next war.

San Diego

"Ya gotta have 'em for fighting." It was Mother's Day, and the San Diego cabbie crushed an empty Sprite can and filed it in his litter bag instead of chucking it onto Interstate 805. "Balls, I mean. That's where the testosterone comes from. No testosterone, no aggression." To the antenna of his Chevy was tied a yellow ribbon.

His fare, an Israeli enjoying a break from the Holy Land, made noises of agreement to be nice. He was wondering how this American had gone all his life without meeting an aggressive woman—was this possible in California, land of the future? The Israeli tried to keep an open mind, but nothing proved to him so neatly how far the so-called Gulf War had been from a genuine war than cries he had heard to junk the laws barring American women from combat.

Edward Norden is a writer living in Jerusalem.

The Stars and Stripes were everywhere. From coast to coast, it was a season for victory parades to honor the returning heroes. And heroines—in fact, a big push was on to let women fight, really fight, next time. It wasn't enough that 33,000 of them had been shipped to the Gulf, where they had faithfully spotted artillery, loaded bombs, maintained aircraft, driven trucks, sorted mail. Some women and men now wanted women to have an equal opportunity to be honored not only on the Fourth of July, but also on Memorial Day.

It was a major campaign. The Israeli had heard National Public Radio airing the cons and especially the pros of the matter. *Life* magazine, which he was charmed to see had been resurrected, had come out with a handsome spread, the text of which endorsed women's "right to fight." Said *Life*: "Officially, keeping women out of combat positions is supposed to reduce their chances of being hurt. But if this high-tech war proved anything, it proved that the traditional concept of the combat zone has been blurred." Many "myths" had been "buried in the Arabian sands," according to *Life*, including the notions that: (1) "Women can't perform under pressure," (2) "Mothers shouldn't —and don't want to—go to war," and (3) "The public isn't ready for female POWs or women in body bags." In connection with the last ex-myth, *Life* recalled that two women had been captured by the Iraqis and ten killed (of whom two by enemy fire), yet "the public remained composed." Maybe this was because Americans realized that "the idea that one life is more valuable than another insults both sexes."

Those who expressed reservations about women in combat spoke with forked tongues. "Many women (and men) in the military," *Life* explained, "contend that combat exclusion laws protect women from just one thing: promotions." And, although the time was ripe for abolition, "women in the military fear that no one in Congress will be brave enough to stand up for them." No one? In the *Los Angeles Times*, Rep. Patricia Schroeder (D-Colo.) was all for repeal of the sexist statutes, as were Sens. John Warner (R-Va.) and John McCain (R-Ariz.). "Women," said McCain in odd English, "have demonstrated again that they can perform any role they are called upon to make." In the meantime, the House Armed Services Committee, voting on the 1992 defense budget, had said that women should be able to volunteer to pilot combat missions. Finally, something called the Defense Advisory Committee on Women in the Services, by a vote of 29-4, had asked Secretary of Defense Dick Cheney to work for repeal in all the services. The Israeli was amazed. It had to do, he suspected, with America's all-volunteer military, with Women's Lib and coed military academies. But what, exactly?

A serious type would have gone to the UCSD library and read the relevant books. What the Israeli did instead was to have the cabbie drop him off at Jack Murphy Stadium for a San Diego Padres game, where two companies of Marines from Camp Pendleton were being hosted. They sat segregated in the second deck overlooking third base, the Israeli at field level overlooking first. Between one pitch and another they suddenly got to their feet as one person and shouted their hymn, to stormy applause. Were there women among them? No, these Marines were as unisex as the Padres and Expos. Whatever the other services were doing, the leathernecks were keeping women away, maybe by requiring that recruits have their heads shaved as smooth as bowling balls. Golani—the Israeli marines, known affectionately as *ha-hayot* ("the animals")—would have brought their girls with them. Of course, Golani girls only instruct, they don't fight.

The middle-aged Israeli himself was used to being instructed in the arts of war by women. Just before leaving, he had been called up, along with other

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reservists of his potbellied unit, for a refresher course. The instructors in weapons, radio, atomic/biological/chemical warfare, and first aid had been, as usual, women—no, girls, of nineteen or so. Slim, unwrinkled beauties speaking a clipped monotone, they were teaching men twice their age to cock a .50-caliber machine gun. But young women also train raw recruits in the Israel Defense Forces (IDF). It wasn't the local feminists who forced the IDF to put girls in these slots. The generals decided on their own, the main idea being to make the IDF more formidable by making more males available for combat. Not that women instructors aren't as savvy and dedicated as men. The ones who volunteer and make the grade are great, and it's said that 18-year-old boys learn faster and perform better under their tuition, since anything a girl can do they must do at least as well, right?

Only the ones with a special fire burning in them—tough chicks, smart and patriotic tomboys—get to be instructors and officers. The rest make coffee, answer the phone, shuffle paper, water the plants, and decorate the bases while they cross out the days until discharge. There are lots of young women in khaki all over Israel at all times, thanks to the fact that the IDF drafts almost all boys and girls as soon as they finish high school: 95 percent of the boys go in, with only the ultra-Orthodox exempted because of an old political deal, and about 60 percent of the girls, the rest being excused if they marry, become pregnant, or declare believably that they have religious objections to a scene where men and women are very casual together. Furthermore, unless they sign up for the corps or professional army, females serve only two years, after which they do no reserve duty, while males serve three, after which they can expect to find themselves in uniform for a month or two every year until age 52. That said, unless you go along on ambushes with the paratroops, or patrols with the navy, you'll see women everywhere in the IDF.

Some of the smartest and best-looking are attached to intelligence, the medical corps, and general headquarters, all based in the rear (if Israel has a rear). Others wear the badges of the air force, paratroops, Golani, navy, armor, and combat engineers. These are the units that come under fire the most, the units among which one most often sees the blood-red epaulet tabs signifying combat experience. The women sporting red epaulets (there are a few) are an exception that proves the rule, since a woman in the IDF earns them not by being in the gory thick of things, where she isn't sent or even allowed to be, but on the fringes, and then usually by accident.

Take the siege of Beirut in 1982. The Israeli rooting for the Padres remembered how it was when PLO Katyusha rockets began impacting around divisional headquarters several miles from the focus of the fighting. It was unexpected, brief, and very unpleasant, the ambulances wailed and the med-evac copters came and went, but the women radio operators kept their cool and carried on, performing under pressure. They doubtless got their red tabs. Also, without a doubt, they were reassigned back behind the Israeli border after the siege, while the IDF spent three years leaving Lebanon, harassed every step of the way by Palestinian, Shi'ite, and Druse snipers, bombers, and kidnappers who giggled at the distinction between front and rear, combatant and non-combatant.

For, in the crunch, IDF women get treated no differently from civilians, and it doesn't matter whether they're tough officers or gentle secretaries. The law says they have to be evacuated in the event of hostilities. That's exactly what happened in the sudden chaos of the Golan Heights when the Syrians attacked on Yom Kippur 1973. Though some IDF career women grumbled about being snatched out of Leba-

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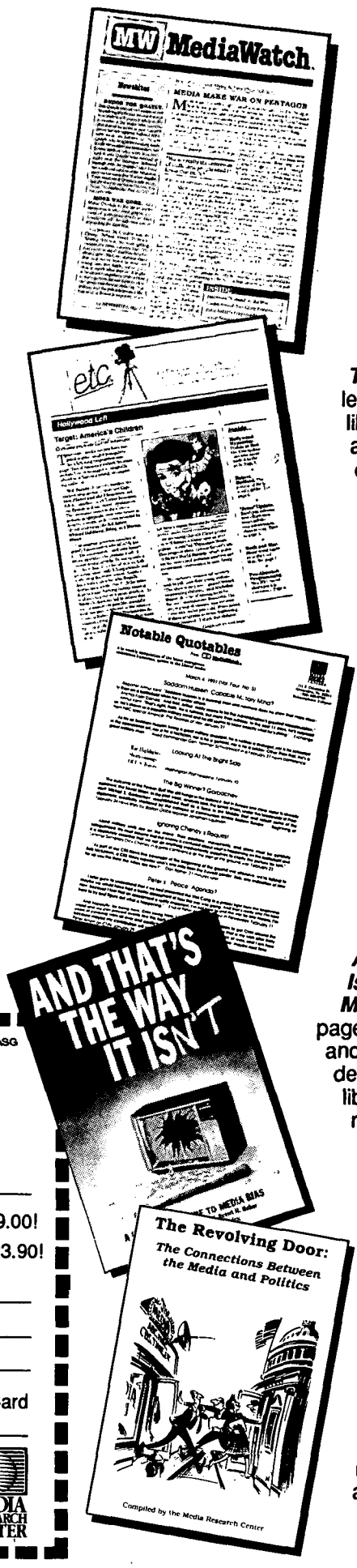

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non and replaced by men, none complained about being taken out of the way of the Syrian army, nor did anyone in the Israeli feminist movement cry sexism.

Israel has its feminists, from the secular right to the Zionist left to the loony left. They fight the usual fights (equal pay for equal work, limitations on porn, abortion on demand, shelters for battered wives), plus a few special ones arising from the Jewishness of the country (relief from the rabbis who rule on divorce). But getting women into combat isn't on their agenda. This is perhaps because they have so much else on their hands, perhaps because even the peaceniks among them know that the IDF has to be a winner and doubt in their hearts that women and combat make a winning combination, perhaps because they subscribe to the widespread Israeli superstition that the death of a young woman is even more of an insult to nature than that of a young man, and most likely because they know that in Israel the "right to fight" won't remain an abstract one for long.

Forty-three years ago women fought for a while, really fought. Women in the pre-state underground had done everything from broadcasting over clandestine radio stations to smuggling guns and explosives in their blouses to seducing British officers, and in the six months between the U.N.'s partition resolution of 1947 and the day the British left, during which Arabs and Jews were already at war, some of these women saw combat, including the 4-foot, 10-inch, 90-pound future Dr. Ruth Westheimer, last seen by the vacationing Israeli in a TV ad with Bo Jackson. It was a desperate time, when defeat meant massacre and possibly the end of Jewish history, and anyone who could handle a weapon was put in the line. But as soon as the British departed and the IDF was formed, as soon as the situation became merely dicey, the women were removed from the trenches, never to return. You meet the survivors nowadays mainly in *kibbutzim*, sweet grandmotherly types. If you eat everything on your plate, they'll tell you tales to curl your hair.

The heroism for which IDF women are likely to be celebrated these days is of another kind. Lieutenant Osnat Zahir, "although physically and emotionally exhausted . . . displayed an unprecedented level of sensitivity and commitment," in the words of her citation for valor as a nurse at a casualty clearing station in the Sinai during the Yom Kippur War. Which isn't to say that praise and publicity are reserved for bravery in the Florence Nightingale mode. The army girls who earlier this year helped locate people in the rubble of buildings hit by Scuds and extricated them got good press, as did the navy's female radar operators, sitting on dry land, who spotted approaching terrorist dinghies in time. Women in the IDF are expected and encouraged to provide support in the most generous sense of the term. They're not expected or allowed to do more—that is, kill and be killed—and little Israeli girls growing up today aren't presented with what Americans call "role models" for combat. Although "thirtysomething" and "L.A. Law" are broadcast in Israel, "GI Joe" is not, so Israeli kids don't get to hear the comely helicopter crewperson, weapon blazing, shouting "C'mon!" to Joe, who replies, "Right behind you, Scarlett!"

The Israeli grandmothers with their hair-curling memories appear seldom on TV. In school, the scarce women in the Bible who either killed for their people or commanded them in battle—one thinks of Judith displaying the head of Holofernes and Deborah orchestrating the Battle of Kishon—get no great emphasis either. More famous is Hannah Senesh. Parachuted into Hungary in 1944, she was tortured to death by the Gestapo and has a village named after her. Her poems are continuously in print. But she lived and died in those desperate times, not today.

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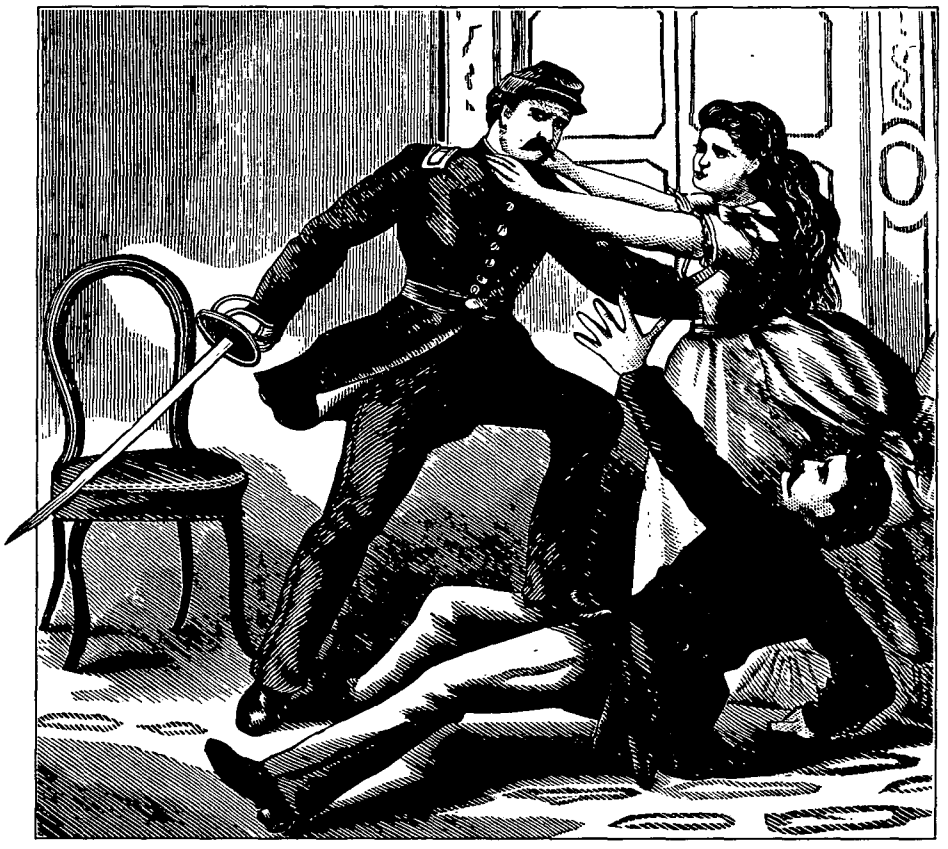

Israel is a complicated and uncomfortable little country, where most of the time most of the people try their best to live as if their common situation weren't still pretty desperate. This requires forgetting a great deal and keeping women out of the front line, even if it's only a few kilometers away. Although Hannah Senesh's example is studied in the schools, nearer to reality are the stereotypes of children's books, which reflect and explain and justify Israeli routine to young Israelis. In one entitled *Daddy Does Reserve Duty*, which seeks to calm a youngster's distress at the absence of a parent, it's taken for granted that Daddy should be the one going off to play soldier while Mommy tends hearth and home.

The Padres blew their lead and lost the game. The fans and Marines took it peacefully. Waiting for the bus that would transport him back to where he was staying, the Israeli was confronted with one of those public service posters that cannot be ignored. It quoted the State of the Union address of January 19, 1991:

THERE IS NO ONE MORE DEVOTED, MORE COMMITTED TO THE HARD WORK OF FREEDOM, THAN EVERY SOLDIER AND SAILOR, EVERY MARINE, AIRMAN AND COASTGUARDSMAN—EVERY MAN AND WOMAN NOW SERVING IN THE PERSIAN GULF.

Memory is a queer thing. As soon as he read Bush's words, the Israeli thought of two women in quick succession. The first was the GI from Mississippi who was a member of the Patriot crew flown in to protect Tel Aviv and keep the IDF out of the fighting, and the second was Ahuva. He hadn't thought of Ahuva in years.

Now he saw her in his mind's eye, the friend of a friend, an intelligent, gentle, brave, and altogether devoted creature worth her weight in gold and wearing red tabs on her shoulders. She had made major in the IDF and hit the glass ceiling. It wasn't there to stop women but to stop those without rich combat experience, experience women can't get. Ahuva understood perfectly that the purpose of the IDF is to win wars, but she was torn over the consequences: that men will fight and be promoted all the way to the top while women, even the best and most precious, fall away or get stuck. She wasn't eaten up by ambition, she certainly wasn't power-hungry, yet in her gentle eyes the Israeli hadn't been surprised to see a glint of steel, and when she quit her beloved army after fifteen years of eighteen-hour days to have a child, she was almost as mad as she was sad.

The Israeli wondered what she would now have to say about the American women Scud-busters. Had she been one of those who had brought them champagne and cake? Would she consider them to have been in combat, as *Life* did? He was ready to wager that she wouldn't. Combat isn't a job description but a place—a place where a lot of killing and dying is going on. If the Patriot batteries in Israel and Saudi Arabia had begun to be bombed by the enemy, how long would the women have been kept there? If Operation Desert Storm had been a real war, with thousands or tens of thousands of Americans killed, how many women in body bags would Americans have accepted before losing their composure, before demanding either that all women be evacuated or Baghdad nuked?

These were moot, not rhetorical questions. America wasn't Israel. It was conceivable that all of America's wars to come would be brilliant Nintendo games, or that Arlington National Cemetery would fill up with women and the country would tolerate it in the name of justice. But if the latter were the case—*pace* NPR, *Life*, Rep. Schroeder, Sens. Warner and McCain, and the myth-debunking industry—it was hard to approve of where Americans' ideas of "justice" were leading them, and hard to avoid the conclusion that a country that sends its women into battle out of anything short of desperation isn't worth fighting for. □

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David Brock

NOT LOSING AT ALL COST: SMOOTH JIM BAKER'S ROCKY REIGN AT STATE

President Bush's secretary of state has mastered the Foreign Service and lost touch with the world.

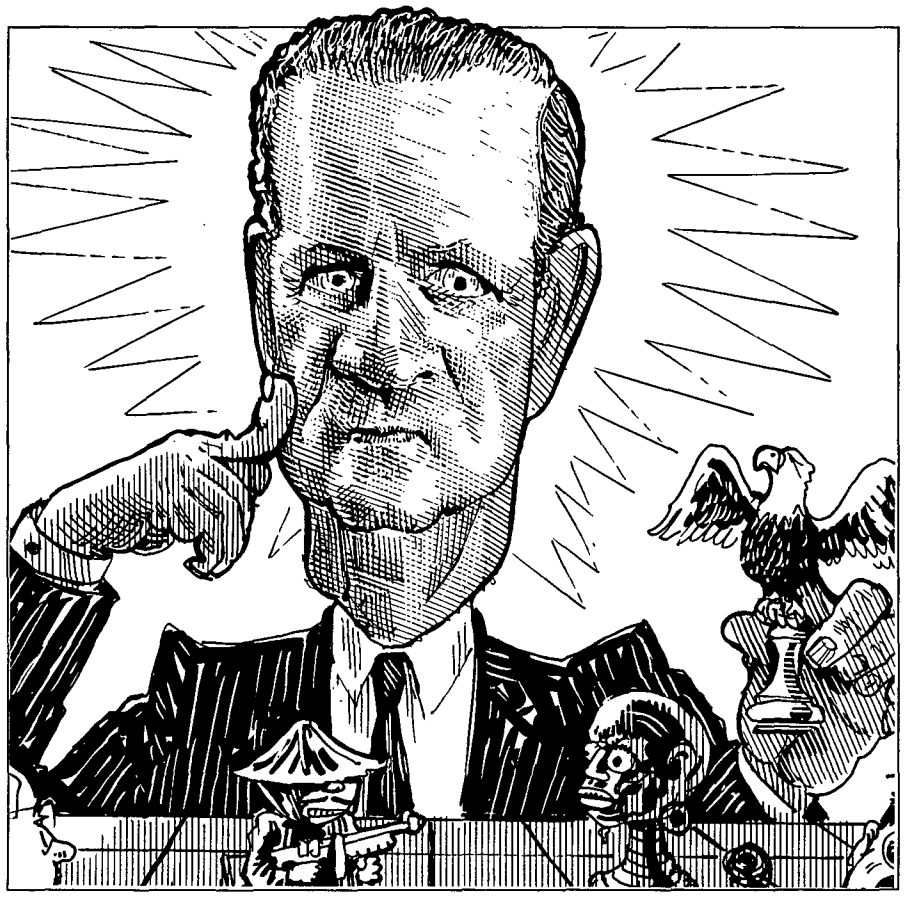
When President Bush appointed his close friend James A. Baker III secretary of state, Sen. Jesse Helms sent Baker a congratulatory note, along with some sage advice. The ranking Republican on the Senate Foreign Relations Committee wrote that the two key jobs in the State Department—the undersecretaries for political affairs and for management—should go to political appointees, not Foreign Service officers, as they have traditionally and did under Baker's predecessor George Shultz.

Baker has surpassed even the senator's expectations. He has cut the entire Foreign Service out of the policy loop at Foggy Bottom and established direct political control over the foremost issues of foreign policy. This alone tells us nothing about whether particular administration policies should be cheered or booed, but it does tell us who is in charge when things go awry, as they have in several cases now.

By way of comparison, it is instructive to recall just how discombobulated the foreign policy process was on the Gipper's watch. The Iran-contra follies, treated as an aberration by the media, were actually typical of the furtive way business was done in the Reagan years. In fact, there were far better examples of "government by cabal" inside George Shultz's State Department than Iran-contra. In at least two important cases—the secret agreement to abide unilaterally by the unratified SALT II treaty, and the secret deal to cut off military aid to the Afghan rebels on Day One of a Soviet withdrawal—State committed the administration to a policy line that directly contradicted Reagan's bedrock beliefs. (Reagan eventually reversed the former policy in 1986 and the latter in 1988, each time after a campaign by Senate conservatives had brought the matter to his attention.)

This sorry spectacle developed because Shultz and his second-in-command, John Whitehead, had no foreign policy experience or ideology and gave lower-level officials wide latitude to operate, and thus quickly became creatures of the people who worked for them. Gruff, tough-talking businessmen who peppered their private mutterings with racist epithets, the two used their considerable turf-battling skills with the other foreign policy agencies, and indeed with the White House, to advance plans hatched in the bowels of State, mostly (but not exclusively) by Foreign Service bureaucrats. The two top jobs under Shultz were held by Foreign Service officers—Michael Armacost for policy and Ronald Spiers for management—who consistently foiled the Reagan agenda by pursuing diplomatic appeasement and promoting the careers of soft-headed FSOs. On the other side of the ledger, two strong-willed assistant secretaries with political appointments—Elliott Abrams in Latin America and Chester Crocker in Africa—slipped past Armacost and enjoyed Shultz's backing for their ambitious agendas in the decade's two hottest spots. The point is that, for better or worse, the department ran Shultz, who in turn lobbied Reagan hard. According to calendar notes that surfaced during the Iran-contra investigations, Shultz went to the White House ninety-nine times for one-on-one meetings with Reagan to argue the department's case on various matters.

Any discussion of foreign policy-making in the current administration must start with President Bush's unwillingness to be swayed—or duped, as the case may be—by cabinet secretaries or NSC advisers with their own bureaucratic or ideological agendas. Because Bush knows precisely how he wants to conduct affairs of state, it is useless to try to drive an analytical wedge between him and his secretary of state. Thus, there are no cheesy advertisements in *Human Events* featuring photos of Baker and asking: "Mr. President, Does This Man Speak for You?" It makes no sense, in fact, to talk about an independent "Baker policy" on anything: the call is always made by Bush, who functions as a super-secretary of state. This is all to the good, since the man who holds the cabinet portfolio isn't up to the job.



Baker took up residence on the seventh floor of the State Department determined to avoid Shultz's fate as the mouthpiece for the department. Baker wanted to be a virtual co-President for foreign policy, and even hawked this idea to the *New York Times*, which featured Bush and Baker on its Sunday magazine cover last year, under the headline: "The Fabulous Bush and Baker Boys." According to close associates, Baker has long thought of himself as Bush's better; when Bush, Baker, and Robert Mosbacher used to go hunting in Texas in the 1970s, the three joked about one of them being President someday. With a touch of bitterness, Baker would tell friends years later that the man the trio thought would get the job hadn't gotten it. At least, not yet.

When Bush got the job, intending to make his mark more on foreign than on domestic policy, he naturally put his most trusted political operator at State, where he could make good use of Baker's managerial and deal-making skills. Baker's goal was more personal: confident that Bush would supply the depth of knowledge about foreign affairs that he lacked, Baker hoped to add foreign policy experience to his résumé, and then ride into the Oval Office on the crest of a wave of global stability and harmony. Of course, it's not quite working out that way. Bush's finest moments have come on the heels of Baker's failures; subse-

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quently, relations between the two have chilled. And nobody is seriously talking of a co-presidency, much less a future Baker candidacy, anymore.

Strangely enough, for someone who is revered as one of Washington's best and brightest, Baker owes his fall largely to his own miscues and shortcomings. The top-down, value-free approach he took on the campaign trail and in the White House is not suited to running the nation's foreign policy: this was evident at the outset, when Baker devised a tightly controlled political operation along the lines of the White House's, and moved to suppress competing power centers within the department. It meant, on the one hand, ensuring that Foreign Service types like Armacost would not steer the ship, and, on the other, purging the department of anyone with firm ideas on policy, like Abrams or Crocker.

In the early going, Robert Zoellick, a Baker protégé from the Treasury who was named counselor to the State Department, asked for briefings from the regional bureaus. In one such meeting, Zoellick explained that, if either the FSOs or the remaining Reaganites "lied" to him in an attempt to advance their own biases, he'd crush them. "I'm going to be around this town for a long time," the 37-year-old Zoellick warned. Down the hall, Janet Mullins, a Bush campaign operative and former Senate aide, was reading the riot act to the new regional assistant secretaries. Mullins, head of the legislative affairs bureau, announced that "heads will roll" if the bureau chiefs maintained independent channels to the Hill and struck up their own deals, as had been the widespread practice under Shultz. Similarly, Margaret Tutwiler, the department spokesman, centralized all press contacts in her public affairs office. Under Shultz, reporters regularly phoned desk officers directly for briefings; now, they are told they must go through public affairs.

Getting rid of the Reagan appointees was easy. "You had a lot of people who were deputy assistant secretaries under Reagan who thought they had a shot at moving up, since some of them had briefed Bush over the years and during his campaign, but it didn't happen," says one official. "It was said, 'We want new people.' Baker had a lot of animosity because he thought the Reagan crowd was going around calling him a pragmatist, which he hates."

Passing over the Foreign Service, one of the most beguiling and corrupting institutions in Washington, was a taller order. In most federal agencies—say, the Commerce Department—career employees do not advance into the highest policy-making jobs. But at State they do, securing appointments that are only nominally "political." The ostensible reason is that the Foreign Service produces an elite corps of diplomatic specialists whose expertise is essential to the conduct of American foreign policy. In practice, an old saying is more telling: "When you raise your hand to take the Foreign Service oath, they cut your nuts off." The State Department's rotation policy—under which tours of duty in a given region are typically limited to two years—virtually ensures that our diplomats don't become expert in much besides procedural game-playing and toadying to foreign powers. The increasing bureaucratization of foreign policy—State had ten bureaus in 1970 and has more than thirty today—means that policy itself is wedded more and more tightly to the status quo. Despite the efforts of certain Reaganites, this system won and U.S. foreign policy returned to its normal state: inertia.

Baker protégé Robert Zoellick explained that, if either the FSOs or the remaining Reaganites "lied" to him in an attempt to advance their own biases, he'd crush them.

Such was the fog that threatened to engulf Baker in 1989. His idea of putting non-career people in top slots, however, turned out to be not quite the same as old Jesse's. Baker turned over the power to a tiny clique of loyalists from his prior stints at the White House, the Treasury, and the hustings. Their conception of the national interest is to make Baker look good. In effect, Baker replaced the competing agendas of the ideologues and the Foreign Service establishment with an agenda of self-aggrandizement.

The inner ring of the Baker circle includes only Tutwiler and Zoellick, who recently took on the additional title of undersecretary of state for economic affairs. Tutwiler is first among equals (I assume that Zoellick does not receive a fresh rose on his pillow each night while on the road with the secretary, delivered by Baker's security detail). The outer ring includes Mullins and two colorless policy pros who entered government under Jimmy Carter, served under Reagan, and then developed close ties to Baker: Dennis Ross, the head of the policy planning staff; and Robert Kimmitt, the undersecretary for policy. (The undersecretary-for-management slot is open.) No one else matters much.

Lawrence Eagleburger, the only Foreign Service officer in the bunch (he retired from the service in 1982), is technically the department's No. 2, but he's been relegated to housekeeping chores and keeping the Foreign Service fat, dumb, and happy. This year, State asked Congress to authorize up to a 22 percent pay hike for senior FSOs. And, despite the media hype about Bush's cronyism, the number of ambassadors who are Foreign Service officers has increased since the Reagan years, extending even to coveted posts such as London, which normally go to political supporters.

Baker continued his trammeling of the department at the assistant-secretary level by appointing lackluster officials who make good caretakers and don't get their names in the papers, and by keeping the policy cards so close to his vest that the bureaus have little idea of what the seventh floor is up to. "It's not unusual for a secretary to bring his own people," says one official. "It *is* unusual to bring them in and give them nothing to do. We're just sitting here reading the newspapers." One CIA official says, "It's not worth talking to my opposite number across the river." Ruth Sinai, thus far the only beat reporter to take on Baker, reported last year in an amusing AP dispatch that the bureaus are so removed from the action that officials dawdle at the translation typing pool hoping to glean some information about what the seventh floor is telling their countries.

Quick, who's been assistant secretary for European affairs the past couple of years? His name is Ray Seitz, an FSO recently named ambassador to Britain. But on Baker's jaunts to Moscow, Seitz wasn't on the plane (Kimmitt—just named ambassador to Germany—and Ross usually were). Thomas Pickering, the U.N. ambassador who is considered the Foreign Service's shining star, ran afoul of Baker for trying to take some credit for cobbling together the international coalition against Iraq. When he approached the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, hoping to testify publicly on his efforts, Baker found out and gave him a severe dressing down.

But no matter how hard they've tried, the seventh floor can't call all the signals. It's hard to say whether this is a gambit—part of the "co-presidency" idea may have been that Baker would apply his talents only to the premier issues, like U.S.-Soviet relations, to make sure he got equal billing with Bush—or merely a concession to reality. According to one disgruntled FSO, "You could probably staff Treasury with four people. They had a crisis a year. We have a crisis a day here." Power is concentrated, but attention is riveted only on the issue of the day. Very few papers ever make it from the bureaus to the desks of the bigwigs upstairs; the paper flow is mainly downward.

The irony of Baker's operating style is that, while the Foreign Service is shut out when it comes time to solve a momentous problem, small problems mushroom to momentous proportions precisely because they are left to fester for months in the auto-pilot bureaus—run mostly by sycophantic FSOs who will do anything to "preserve the relationship" with the country they follow. With Baker and his aides sealed off from the bureaus, the seventh floor operates like a Chinese fire drill, reacting to, not anticipating, events. A great strategist—Henry Kissinger, say—can find ways to deploy the bureaucracy without becoming its captive, but the Baker Boys are too often caught with their pants down in the vast regions of the globe that aren't on their radar screens—Latin America, Africa, all of Asia. In these areas there is less political control than ever from a detached and indifferent top.

In early 1990, a deputy assistant secretary of state in the Latin bureau tried for months to bring an incipient crisis in Haiti to the attention of the Baker circle. When nationwide protests forced the resignation of Lt. Gen. Prosper Avril in March, the department had no plan to direct the transition, and the inner circle was left wondering why. Liberia and Somalia followed the same pattern later in 1990, although, by the time Col. Mengistu had his wife and his Rolls Royce shipped off to Zimbabwe this May, the Africa bureau's Herman Cohen had learned the lesson that he'd better not cool his heels waiting on Baker. So Cohen reversed thirty years of U.S. policy literally overnight, turning the capital over to Tigrean Marxist rebels and calling for a referendum on Eritrean independence. (When *Newsweek* ran the headline "Cohen's Coup?" the seventh floor got pissy; assistant secretaries are supposed to stay out of the limelight.) In December 1989, State was caught unawares by the coup attempt against Cory Aquino in the Philippines, even though the coup had virtually been announced in advance. The U.S. ambassador decided that the U.S. would ground rebel planes to thwart the uprising, then called Vice President Dan Quayle, who okayed the action in Bush's absence.

One could argue, as Baker probably has, that these pesky Third World backwaters count for nothing, especially in a post–Cold War setting. But it was two pesky backwaters—Panama and Iraq—that caused the only full-blown foreign policy crises of the Bush Administration. The stories follow a strikingly sim-

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ilar and disturbing script that finds Bush pulling Baker's fat out of the fire by sending in troops. And in both cases, Baker and his aides subsequently fail to secure the peace.

It will be recalled that Bush had made getting tough with Manuel Noriega a theme of his 1988 campaign, in part to distance himself from the embarrassingly cozy relationship Noriega enjoyed with some elements of the Reagan Administration, particularly Bill Casey. Once Bush was in office, however, nobody in the administration, least of all the State Department, picked up the ball. Throughout much of 1989, it was business as usual with Noriega, as his patrons in the foreign policy bureaucracies filled the vacuum following the departure of Noriega critic Elliott Abrams. Senators Helms and John Kerry tried for months to draw Baker's attention to Noriega's increasingly reckless and dictatorial behavior, to no avail. Helms even presented plans for the removal of Noriega, including a lightning-quick strike designed to nab him and fly him to the U.S. to stand trial. Baker and Eagleburger ignored such pleas for months, on the grounds that traversing Panama militarily would be "illegal," could result in Noriega's death, or might mean the loss of American life. U.S. inattention and immobility became glaringly apparent in the botched coup attempt of October 1989. Only when Noriega's open taunting of Bush made the gravity of the threat undeniably plain did the U.S. act—and then in a way that caused more destruction and loss of life than likely would have resulted from an earlier action or a negotiated departure. Adding insult to injury, in the wake of Noriega's surrender Baker has been content to let the place go to pot again. He's turned the account back over to the assistant secretary for Latin America, Bernard Aronson, better known around the department as "the Inspector Clouseau of foreign policy."

Dennis Ross has been roaming the halls of the State Department lately making the point that the Persian Gulf episode shows that "the closed circle works." If the Near East career people had been involved in the lead-up to January's use of force, so his argument goes, the war would never have been prosecuted, *pace* April "We-have-no-opinion-on-your-border-dispute" Glaspie. That's true. The Gulf action was a success in no small measure because Bush was his own desk officer. As John Goshko of the *Washington Post* reported somewhat mournfully last November: "Almost four months after President Bush began his drive to force Iraq out of Kuwait, neither Bush nor his top aides have tried significantly to tap the knowledge and advice of those experts —both in and out of government—who have spent their lives trying to understand the Arab world." Thank God for that.

What Ross doesn't acknowledge is that, while the closed circle worked once it was ensnared in a crisis, the closed circle also bears a great measure of responsibility for bringing on the crisis in the first place. The knock on Baker isn't that he opposed the war, as Bob Woodward reports in *The Commanders*, but that he helped make it necessary. With Baker preoccupied with Soviet affairs in the first half of 1990, the Near East bureau received no instruction from the top that its old policy of tilting toward Iraq was dangerously out of date. The most that could have been expected from the bureau's Arabists, of course, was a clue about Saddam's bellicose intentions. Since Bush relies almost exclusively on State for such early warnings—Brent Scowcroft, the doddering NSC adviser, isn't a player—the Saddam problem fell through the cracks until it was too late to talk. Baker tried anyway, not so much because he opposed the use of force but because he hoped to pull an agreement out of the hat and get credit for averting war. Not surprisingly, he flopped. Defense Secretary Dick Cheney and Joint Chiefs chairman Colin Powell then stepped in to run the military operation, and the success in the desert was theirs (and Bush's).

"It's not unusual for a secretary to bring his own people," says one official. "It *is* unusual to bring them in and give them nothing to do. We're just sitting here reading the newspapers."

Meanwhile, Baker was spending his time keeping the Arab coalition against Saddam together, in part on the foolish promise that he would attempt to revive the elusive "Middle East peace process" once the fighting ended. What he overlooked was that peace between Israel and the Arabs and the resolution of the Palestinian problem would not by a long shot be the most pressing diplomatic concern in the postwar period. Having assented in the decision not to cross the Euphrates and topple Saddam, Baker should have given some thought to the consequences of this inaction. When, consistent with the policy of non-intervention in Iraq, Washington looked the other way as the Shi'ite and Kurdish rebellions began, Baker made no provisions for the logical outcome: tens of thousands of Kurds in desperate flight from a massacre. As of this writing, a well-armed Saddam remains in power; the refugee situation is still smoldering; the Syrians proceed with their annexation of Lebanon; the program of reconstruction and regional security for the Gulf states is meager; and Baker's preoccupation remains blaming Israel for his fruitless negotiations with Jordan, Syria, and Saudi Arabia over their participation in a quixotic Middle East "conference."

Now, it won't do to hold Baker responsible for the fact that the "new world order," in another irony, looks more and more like the don't-rock-the-boat mentality of the Foreign Service establishment. But Baker can't be happy about the unintended consequences of his earlier inaction: Bush, Cheney, and Powell are basking in the glow of the Desert Storm victory parades, while the secretary has been cast as waterboy in a "process" with the slimmest of chances for resolution. Of course, no one thinks that Baker jumped into this thicket willingly, and it's not exactly his fault that the intricacies of Middle East politics are over his head. In fairness, then, let's judge Baker and his staff against what they actually set out to achieve in foreign affairs. This can be summed up in one word: winning. Or perhaps two: not losing. Baker thought he would use his skills as a political tactician to cut the best deals he could with his two main adversaries, the Soviets and the congressional Democrats, while generating favorable headlines and public opinion ratings. Whatever else this is —a political campaign, perhaps?—it isn't statesmanship.

It must be said that staying on the right side of Congress and American public opinion are not, in and of themselves, unwelcome qualities in a secretary of state. Shultz, for example, was such a stubborn old Buddha that he blew some excellent deals, especially with Congress. I once heard Howard Wolpe, the former chairman of the House African subcommittee, complain that he had been trying to get in touch with Shultz for more than a year. Shultz thought he was better than "the politicians" (especially the conservatives). He also didn't have much of a taste for playing to a domestic political audience and the press (interestingly, neither did any of the foreign policy figures of the Reagan era—Weinberger, Casey, McFarlane, or Poindexter). Like it or not, this ability is requisite for any successful foreign policy.

The Bush team—Cheney, Powell, and especially Baker—seems to have this knack in spades. In *The Commanders*, Woodward reports that the emphasis on PR irritated Adm. William Crowe, Powell's predecessor as chairman of the Joint Chiefs and the sort of conservative who couldn't sell a glass of water in the desert: "Crowe saw decisions made in the NSC in terms of their impact on Congress, the media and public opinion." Now there's a shocking revelation.

The real worry with Baker is that his political antennae, like his managerial ones, are totally reactive. Good public relations and successful deals become the ends, not the means, of policy. Baker knew that any move to lift U.S. sanctions against South Africa this spring would be controversial, so he overruled the Africanists in the bureau and took the issue to the seventh floor, where he's working it out with House Democrats. Last year, he was told that any sellout of Jonas Savimbi's UNITA rebels in Angola would wreak havoc for Republicans in Florida, so he hung tough, even to the point of personally asking Rep. Dan Burton, an obscure Indiana Republican, for his vote against an amendment to place condi-

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tions on new aid to UNITA last October.

Both of these decisions demonstrated political smarts, but Baker stumbles when he has to shape public opinion, not follow it. The most embarrassing instance, of course, came last fall when he was asked to justify the troop deployment in the Gulf and mumbled something about "jobs." Because Bush himself has a tin ear in speaking to the public about such grand themes, the President needed help in setting forth a coherent and convincing line of argument. He got it not from Baker but from Quayle, who gave an eloquent defense of the policy. After the war, it took several nights of prime-time television coverage of the Kurdish plight and an outcry in Congress before Baker reacted and advised Bush to reverse course and intervene (Quayle's position all along).

Calling Baker a "pragmatist" is actually too high a compliment, as it implies a sense of purpose beyond merely playing the game, which he clearly lacks. Like his reputed political instincts, his vaunted deal-making has no grounding in principle. This became apparent when, to get on with the U.S./Soviet show, Baker tried to defuse contentious issues with Congress, especially the Central America ones that so bedeviled the Reagan Administration. He appointed Aronson, a liberal Democrat, as assistant secretary for the region, with a mandate to keep Nicaragua out of the headlines. He then agreed with congressional Democrats to a slow-motion sellout of the contras, and prepared to accept a fraudulent Sandinista election victory. (On election eve, in fact, U.S. advisers in Guatemala were making final plans to go to Managua to bless the results.) Then came last year's negotiations with Congress on an aid bill for El Salvador. After Janet Mullins felt out the Senate leadership—literally in one case, since she was dating George Mitchell at the time—Baker and Mullins arrived on Capitol Hill for a meeting with Mitchell and Chris Dodd, the Connecticut Democrat. Baker's position at the outset was that "everything is on the table." Within the hour, he'd agreed to allow the Democrats to place a set of unprecedented conditions on Salvador's military aid. Mullins then told Bob Dole, the Senate Republican leader, that a "bipartisan" deal had been struck, and that Republicans would just have to go along with it.

Baker and Mullins pulled the same trick last fall on the so-called Seed legislation, aid to the newly emerging democracies in Eastern Europe. The Democratic bill—a 300-page affair that translates all of the Democrats' domestic socialist agenda into East European terms—was written by Mitchell & Co. in consultation with Baker's office. The Republicans, meanwhile, had been writing a three-page bill that featured tough eligibility requirements tied to free-market reforms. Mullins lied about her dealings with the Democrats, and when Dole found out about it he broke off relations with State. This May, Republican staffers were dismayed to find a complete cutoff of military aid to Guatemala in the Democratic mark-up of the foreign aid bill. But once again they were in no position to fight, since State had already agreed to the deal with Rep. Robert Torricelli, chairman of the Western Hemisphere subcommittee in the House, and Janice O'Connell, a wicked aide to Dodd.

The stories follow a strikingly similar and disturbing script that finds Bush pulling Baker's fat out of the fire by sending in troops.

Any congressional page knows that you don't get votes on the Hill without working for them. When it looks as if you don't have them, it's time to compromise. But someone ought to tell Baker that, when a deal is struck, both sides typically get something. He seems to conclude in advance that he can't win on an issue and then agrees to a one-sided deal to avoid looking like a loser, though that is assuredly what he is. When it comes time for a big congressional vote, it's clear that Baker's style has won him little political capital. When the Free Trade Agreement with Mexico came to a test, Baker and Zoellick (who's taken Mexican relations away from Aronson) were ciphers. Bush and Quayle did the heavy hitting in the ninth inning, with personal lobbying of members. The same will no doubt be the case when Congress tries to take Most Favored Nation status away from China.

Of course, the makers of political reputations inside the Beltway haven't yet recognized that the secretary has no clothes; he's just the sort of malleable Republican they love. Ever the smooth pol, Baker is positively nice to everybody on the Hill and throws more than the occasional bone. He is said to return all his calls (though he never returned mine, alas). He shows up prior to testifying to say hello to the committee aides, whom he knows by name. This sort of flattery goes down well in a culture where everyone knows he wields immense power and nobody gets any recognition for it.

This is not to suggest that Baker has an inordinate reverence for Congress. He thinks they're mostly a bunch of jokers, and his belief is sustained by experience. Last December, Baker was hauled before the House Foreign Affairs Committee to give testimony on the Persian Gulf crisis. Rep. Lee Hamilton, an Indiana Democrat, used his five minutes' speaking time to badger Baker into appearing the following week at hearings of the subcommittee on Europe and the Middle East, which Hamilton chairs. Hamilton claimed that his allotted questioning time before the full committee simply wasn't enough to become fully informed about administration policy. But once Hamilton finished speaking, he packed up and left for the day. The subcommittee's number-two Democrat missed Baker's answers to the queries of his forty committee colleagues. The Baker crew groused about this brazenness for days. But, unlike Shultz's high command, they groused in private.

If he's double-crossed them on the big items, Baker has been particularly careful to collect some political chits by mollifying the Republicans with small favors. In April, four noisy Republican representatives—Helen Bentley, Bill McCollum, Don Ritter, and Bob Dornan—complained in a letter that the administration had not released $7 million in non-lethal aid to the anti-Communist Cambodian resistance that had been appropriated at the beginning of the fiscal year last October. The seventh floor quickly told Richard Solomon, the assistant secretary for East Asia who is considered by resistance supporters to be "a force for evil," to quit dragging his feet and get the money released. When the issue of what to do with the bug-ridden U.S. Embassy in Moscow came up, Baker, in deference to GOP Rep. Olympia Snowe of Maine, essentially left the decision to Congress by soft-pedaling State's loony "Top Hat" proposal—which involves building unbugged floors onto the top of the bugged structure. (Snowe, who tells colleagues she's a "drinking buddy" of the secretary's, favored tearing it down, but couldn't muster the votes.)

Personal attention from the secretary goes an even longer way with the press corps, which is apparently happy to have Baker dictate their stories for them. (Baker's few critical notices have come from independent columnists like Fred Barnes, William Safire, and Michael Kinsley.) Compare, for example, Baker's spin control on his flagging Middle East diplomacy in the lead-ins of Thomas Friedman for the *New York Times* (who is so close to Baker he's considered a shadow secretary of state) and John Goshko for the *Washington Post* on Sunday, April 28:

Friedman:

Secretary of State James A. Baker 3d briefly interrupted his Middle East diplomacy last week to meet with the Soviet Foreign Minister Aleksandr A. Bessmertnykh in the Caucasus Mountains.

Before their talks, Mr. Baker toured the area, and while standing on a hill, with the giant Mount Elbrus hidden in fog in the distance, he was asked whether from this perch he could see his way to peace in the Middle East.

In a brief flash of candor Mr. Baker answered, "About as clearly as I can see Mount Elbrus."

After Mr. Baker's three trips around the Middle East in seven weeks, it is apparent that, while the road to peace may remain obscure, several other things should be crystal clear.

The first is that his entire effort to engineer a diplomatic breakthrough between Arabs and Israelis may be based on a false premise: that the defeat of Iraq in the Persian Gulf war has opened a new window of opportunity to settle this age-old conflict.

Goshko:

While waiting Wednesday for Soviet Foreign Minister Alexander Bessmertnykh to arrive for a meeting in Lislovodsk, a spa in the Caucasus Mountains, Secretary of State James A. Baker III climbed a hill to view the towering local attraction, Mount Elbrus. He found it was hidden behind thick fog.

A reporter asked jokingly at that point whether the hilltop vantage enabled Baker "to see the path to Middle East peace more clearly." Baker gestured toward the fog and replied, "I can see it as clearly as Mount Elbrus there."

It was a frank admission that after three trips to the Middle East—spread over seven weeks and more than 50,000 miles—his efforts to launch a peace conference between Israel and its Arab adversaries have made little headway.

In fact, the lack of progress suggests that this latest venture in high-level diplomacy may have been based on a fallacy. That was the assumption that the Persian Gulf War had infused the region with an urgent new realization of the need to put aside old antagonisms and seek the stability of a comprehensive peace.

Baker's leverage with the press,

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achieved through his own legendary leaking to the reporters covering him, is an open secret. It has enabled him to emerge unscathed from attacks in the press on Bush's 1988 campaign (which Baker ran), from exposes of the savings-and-loan crisis (which developed on his watch at Treasury), and from accounts of private fund-raising for the Nicaraguan contras (which started while he was White House chief of staff and was discussed in NSC meetings that he attended). His name was curiously absent from the recent accusations that Bush tangoed with Iranians in a conspiracy to delay the release of the hostages before the 1980 presidential campaign, even though Baker was Bush's top campaign aide at the time. Finally, he escaped blame in the "Debategate" filching of briefing books from the Carter campaign that year, even though he's widely believed at least to have known about it. In fact, here is a line of inquiry for the prodigious "October Surprise" congressional investigators: Did Baker arrange a payoff to then-*New York Times* reporter Richard Burt, in which Burt—in exchange for holding back information about both the hostage meetings with Iranians and the stolen briefing books—was given a high-level post in the Reagan State Department? (A member of the 1980 Reagan transition team tells me he did; Burt calls the story "bull----.")

Whether or not these scandals were bona fide, schmoozing with Congress and the press kept Baker's name out of them. But there is another mitigating factor that has helped Baker cover up his incompetent reign at State—though Baker likely doesn't realize it. The fact of the matter is that Baker was simply lucky as hell to be named secretary of state at a moment when the policies of the previous administration began to pay off. For all his inattention and indecision, Reagan made a few bold moves—the military buildup, SDI, the Reagan Doctrine (none of them supported by Baker, by the way)—that hastened the demise of world Communism. If peace and democracy are the wave of the future in Africa, Asia, and Latin America, if the Cold War is over and the Soviet bear stopped in its tracks, this is the legacy of Ronald Reagan.

Thus has fallen to Baker the comparatively easy task of securing and shaping the post-Cold War peace. Yet Baker has been following by rote the course set in the second Reagan administration: dealing with Gorbachev as a reformer who could be pressed to halt Soviet expansion abroad and establish a benign authoritarian rule at home. For some years, this course was well calibrated to the dramatic changes Gorbachev had put in motion, but as the Berlin Wall fell it also became clear that the Soviet leader's program at home was failing.

By 1991—after the crackdown in the Baltics, the scrapping of free-market reforms, the rise of Yeltsin, and the fall of Shevardnadze—conventional wisdom held that Gorbachev was finished; even Robert Kaiser of the *Washington Post* said so. At the State Department, however, it was still 1988. The talk was of resolving technical problems in the next arms control treaty, setting a date for a summer summit, and extending new aid and trade favors to the central government. Baker was making positively Orwellian noises about Gorbachev's "reforms" and insisting that Gorbachev's survival was essential—but essential to whom? Could it be that Baker is simply unwilling to face the real challenges posed by Gorbachev's collapse because that would expose his own misjudgment of Gorbachev's prospects? Or that, having been suckered by the likes of George Mitchell and King Fahd, Baker is once more simply out of his depth?

Well into the appeasement of his third dictator—Noriega, Saddam, and now Gorbachev—Baker can no longer claim he was asleep at the switch; he is his own April Glaspie. One can only wonder if Bush will be able yet again to maneuver the U.S. off the calamitous course charted by his secretary of state. □

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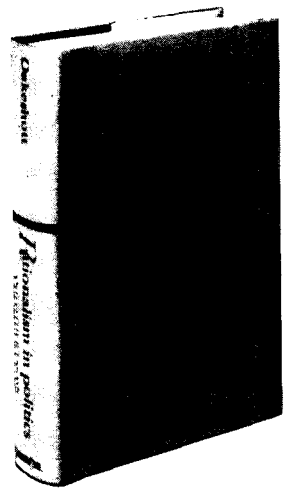

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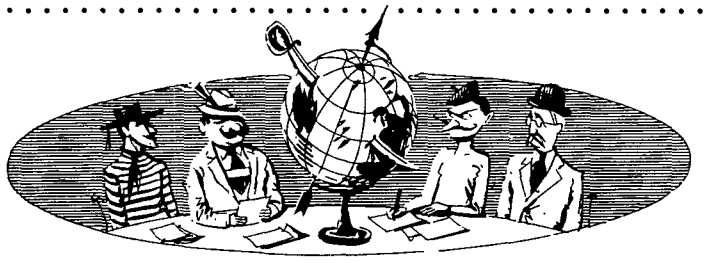

THE GULF ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

by Stuart Reid

London

One does not like to intrude on private joy, but it has to be said that, the Gulf alliance and Sir Stormin' Norman notwithstanding, anti-Americanism is once again in fashion here, not least on the right. In fact, the Gulf War, far from improving Anglo-American relations, may actually have worsened them.

In some quarters last August there was a feeling, amounting at times to a happy conviction, that the Americans would not fight. Geopoliticians in Clubland concluded that Iraq would have to commit further aggression before the United States did more than go in for a few sanctions. Saddam's canny promise of the Mother of Battles made a deep impression. There was talk of another Somme. Ex-army types shook their heads over the Scotch and sodas shaking in their hands and noted, with satisfaction, that the U.S. Army would not be able to handle a Somme; it couldn't even handle a peasant army in the 1960s. At a smart London gathering, a distinguished High Tory academic sipped champagne and said: "Of course the Americans will run; they always do." Views equally contemptuous of the United States were held by at least one member of the government. But since "our" boys were involved, most anti-American conservatives were prudent enough not to go public with their thoughts.

Not so, however, the anarcho-conservative columnist Auberon Waugh. Writing in the London *Spectator* two days before the start of Operation Desert Storm, he laid three-to-one against a war in the next ten days. Once the January 15 deadline had run out, he said, George Bush would very likely name another deadline, then another, but in such terms as would make it plain that the United States was relying on a policy of blockade. If there was a war, the Yanks would probably buckle under the strain:

> The Americans are very good at throwing heavy, explosive objects over long distances. Mercifully, the infantry will not be required to move until the way has been cleared, so we may be spared the sight of American troops refusing to move, shooting their officers and burying themselves in the sand.

Once the shooting started, hardline conservatives went for deep cover. Mainstream conservatives did what mainstream conservatives always do in time of war: they cheered. Some even spoke of President Bush in reverential tones. "Not since Marlborough created, and held together, his great and victorious coalition has there been so successful an act of international statesmanship," wrote the celebrated Conservative commentator (and Atlanticist), Sir Peregrine Worsthorne. "Happy days are here again. Bliss is it in this dawn to be alive; but to be an old reactionary is very heaven."

The infatuation did not last. When President Bush dropped the white man's burden on the road to Basra, the media resounded with scorn. The ex-army types who had consoled themselves with the thought that the U.S. Army could not hack it now expressed satisfaction that the Americans were at last reverting to stereotype by leaving a job half done. In April, the francophile Conservative MP Julian Amery attacked the "craven" Bush and drew a conclusion that should comfort American isolationists: "The subservience of American leaders to their domestic opinion sets narrow limits to what they can achieve. . . . We [the French and the British] must develop more muscle if we are to exercise more influence in defense of our interests next time they are threatened."

Even Kenneth Minogue, professor of political science at the London School of Economics and a good friend of America, was moved to mockery. Having spent the war at Bowling Green, Ohio, he wrote on his return: "You might expect [America] to take a distant war against a minor power in its stride. Far from it. Political discussion at every level was dominated by the possibility that some soldiers might actually get killed. . . ." He warmed to his theme:

> America is a rationalist civilisation in which *everything* is a technical problem, and a book will tell you how to solve it. . . . For most of the American young, there is only one basic problem: the simple matter of achieving satisfaction and avoiding frustration. You might well think this is true of the whole human race. The difference is that the American young have entirely dispensed with the complications of moral understanding.

But to the fastidious Englishman it was not just that the Americans were lacking in vision and moral fiber. They were bloody in other ways. At the height of Desert Storm, a leading article in the center-right *Independent on Sunday* put it this way:

> As the war advances . . . a powerful idea rises. In some British eyes the Germans may be pusillanimous, the French devious, the Spanish and the Italians frankly unreliable—but aren't the Americans, with their death-disguising rhetoric and apparent disregard for Iraqi civilian casualties, simply awful?

What was wrong with them? Part of the answer, according to the *Independent on Sunday*, was that they used "a debased form of English whose purpose seemed to be to disguise or sanitise the terrors of war." Since no one can seriously expect military leaders *not* to try to disguise or sanitize the terrors of war—they have been doing that since the invention of the spear—the real objection here was that the Americans talk funny.

Certainly that was the beef of Simon Heffer, writing in the *Daily Telegraph*. In a piece that was almost comic in its erudition ("The past participle *gotten* is historically proper grammar and the pronunciation *skedule* is etymologically legitimate"), he complained that the Americans had American accents, and used American jargon on television:

Stuart Reid is assistant features editor of the London Sunday Telegraph.

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Perhaps the most boggling usage encountered so far was uttered by an American military expert who, when the missile attacks began on Tel Aviv and Riyadh, was discussing *an-tie missel missels* with an American interviewer. Neither batted an eyelid when, in mentioning the *I-racky* capability of dealing with *Paytriot missels*, the expert ruled out the possibility of any *I-racky an-tie an-tie missel missel missels*.

Of course, the left, too, brought its guns to bear on the Americans. John Pilger, in the *New Statesman*, went through the routine condemnations of American neocolonialist barbarism. Harold Pinter, in the *Observer*, wrote: "What the U.S. is doing is perfectly simple. It's asserting what it conceives to be its spiritual destiny: 'I'm God: get out of my f---ing way.' The stench is with us forever." In the same *Observer* feature (which carried the strapline THE GULF WAR—THE INTELLECTUAL VIEW) Gore Vidal opined:

The American empire will expire in a long desert war where no American national interest is involved other than that of Holy Zion, as the Good Book says, and what is left of the United States will then depart to take up its rightful place somewhere between our fellow hemispheric losers, Brazil and Argentina.

Vidal reminds us that, like McDonald's and Levi's, anti-Americanism is a strong American export. Elsewhere, though, the left's opposition to the war was based partly on traditional pacifist sentiments and partly on the belief that the West should not embroil itself in an Arab quarrel.

On the right it was represented by Enoch Powell, the one-time Conservative party minister who had his fifteen minutes of fame in 1968 when he predicted that black immigration would result in civil war (the "Rivers of Blood" speech). For his outburst, he was sacked from the shadow cabinet by Prime Minister Edward Heath, and has been playing the injured innocent ever since. (How *could* he have known that a friendly reference to "grinning piccaninnies" would have caused such offense?)

His case against the war was telling (as was Pat Buchanan's), but it was informed as much by contempt for collectivist (i.e., U.S./U.N.-dominated) security arrangements as by his perception of the United Kingdom's national interests. The postwar "universalist theory," he wrote, reflected the "aspiration of the United States to project its new-found power in the defence of something called 'the world' against a moral antibody known as 'communism.' " It is a measure of Powell's knee-jerk anti-Americanism that he implicitly mocks the idea that Communism is morally repugnant.

Like other anti-Americans, Powell has a taste for conspiracy theories. He apparently believes, for example, that the CIA murdered Lord Mountbatten. He did not, however, go as far as some conservatives (and others) last August and suggest that the Gulf conflict was a Jewish-American plot. Powell is not that sort of person. The fact is, though, that in England anti-Americanism has much in common with anti-Semitism; indeed, on occasion it *is* anti-Semitism. Before World War II, some English conservatives were as openly anti-Semitic as they were anti-American. Hitler and Stalin gave them pause. During the Cold War, American protection was thought to be necessary against an expansionist Soviet Union, and the right therefore cozied up to America (while the left, hitherto friendly towards America—at least to the America of Tom Paine—reacted against the anti-Communism of the late 1940s and early 1950s). Now that the Cold War is "over," American protection is no longer deemed necessary, and there is therefore no reason for conservatives to go on ingratiating themselves with the United States. The right, therefore, at least part of it, is not discovering anti-Americanism but reverting to it.

Where does that leave the Tory party itself? Up to its ankles in treacle. As it moves to the center—that is, towards Europe—the party necessarily moves away from the United States. Prime Minister John Major is not anti-American, but neither is he, in the Thatcherite sense, an Atlanticist, a breed of which Mrs. Thatcher is possibly the last. She adores America, and is in turn adored by Americans, who now form her natural constituency. Major is a Europeanist and he looks to Brussels (or Bonn) rather than to Washington for reassurance. All this places Thatcherite anti-Americans in a tricky position: on the one hand they despise Major's Europeanism; on the other, they are unable to embrace the alternative to a federal Europe implicit in Mrs. Thatcher's vision—closer ties to the North American barbarians.

One Thatcher admirer who may find himself in precisely this tricky position is Jonathan Clark, revisionist historian and fellow of All Souls, Oxford. It is to Clark that we must turn to place conservative suspicion of the United States in its wider historical context. His is an austere view, intellectual rather than knee-jerk (though, as we shall see, he sometimes loses control of his knees). In the *Sunday Telegraph* last year, Clark made, or seemed to make, the recondite argument that the United States was as much our ancient enemy as it was our natural ally, no matter what the champions of the special relationship might say. How so? Well, the special relationship may have been useful for the power elites of the two countries, but by the time it had come to an end (in his view, the Suez crisis of 1956 finished it off) England had paid a terrible price for its dalliance: it had lost its empire, and lost its identity. "At the point of the bayonet," Clark declared, "the constitutions of Germany, Italy and Japan were reconstructed on American lines, and the United States made it impossible for Britain not to equip its Third World colonies with similarly inappropriate constitutional ideas." Then his knee began to tremble: "In cultural terms Western Europe was swamped by the *real* American values (divorce, abortion, homosexuality, consumerism) as the American colonies had been by the British culture in the 18th century."

Clark has a *real* problem with the United States. But so what? Does it matter that a fellow of All Souls believes that divorce, abortion, homosexuality, and consumerism are the values that count in America, or that one or two high-minded journalists don't like the way Americans talk? With the race relations industry growing in strength every day, anti-Americanism is one of the few indulgences open to free-born Englishmen. Besides, the right is not entirely wrong in its misgivings about the United States. No one can look at the PC terror, for example, or at the conformity of the American press, without experiencing dreads and doubts.

Even so, it seems to some of us a pity that an alliance that has served both countries well should be in danger because of a fanciful belief, as widely held in the United States as in England, that the Soviet Union is no longer a threat. America is no doubt big enough to look after herself. But are we? Is Europe? The Yanks may chew gum, debase the language, and shoot their officers, but as Auberon Waugh observed, they *are* very good at throwing heavy, explosive objects over long distances. Now that the KGB has nuclear artillery pieces, and Moscow is transferring its tanks to the navy, that is a skill that may come in handy. We may need to call on you again. You'll have no trouble identifying us: we're the ones who don't talk funny. □

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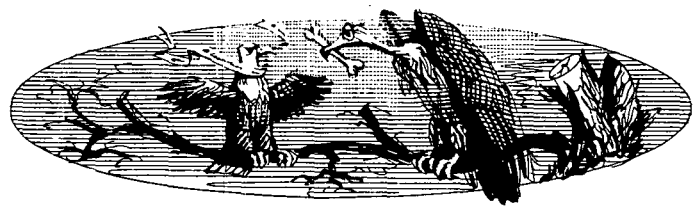


WHY LIBERALS HATE POLITICS

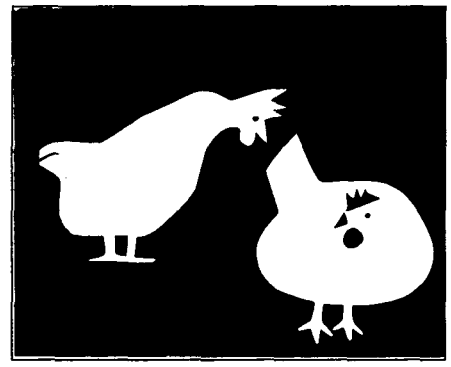
by Fred Barnes

Three years after the 1988 presidential campaign, Willie Horton is still driving liberals nuts—except now they are ready to do something about it. If you're doubtful, I refer you to *Why Americans Hate Politics*[1] by E. J. Dionne, Jr. of the *Washington Post*. Dionne is a canny political analyst, a liberal who's normally fair to conservatives, and his book offers a thorough, readable account of the course of conservatism and liberalism over the past thirty years. But the moment he takes up Horton's role in the campaign, he loses control of his faculties. It slips his mind who Horton really is: a killer convicted of an extraordinarily grisly murder. Horton robbed a gas station, shot the attendant to death, and stuffed his body in a trash barrel. Imprisoned for life without parole, Horton was granted a weekend furlough from a Massachusetts slammer. He didn't come back voluntarily. Instead, he went to Maryland, where he busted into a couple's house and raped the wife at gunpoint.

Dionne recoils at George Bush's harping on Horton: "*The tragedy of our politics is that the concerns aroused by a Willie Horton should be unifying rather than divisive*" (italics Dionne's). Why is this such a tragedy? And aren't most Americans unified about keeping murderers in jail?

That's not the unity Dionne has in mind. He's transfixed by the fact that Horton is black. "The condition of the black poor is a national crisis that needs attention," he says. Black schools are bad, life in black neighborhoods needs improvement, job opportunities and training for young blacks ought to be better. The moral values of the black underclass must also be changed. The trouble, argues Dionne, is that "our national discussion of race is so polarized that we do nothing at all—and the problem gets worse." Amazing, huh? Dionne sees Horton as a problem in social underdevelopment. For Dionne, Bush's exploitation of Horton as a crime issue in the presidential race is the symbol of everything that's wrong in American politics.

Dionne's book should have been titled "Why Liberals Hate Politics." Americans, after all, have always been wary of politics, skeptical of politicians. What's new is that liberals are fed up, especially with presidential campaigns. The final straw was the 1988 race. It was one thing to lose to Ronald Reagan, who offered up (at least in 1980) programs they could denounce while presenting their own. Liberals love to debate programs. Press-



ing their agenda through programs had given them a run of roughly half a century in power.

The 1988 campaign was different. Bush emphasized values, not programs, attacking Dukakis on the American flag, defense, and crime. Horton was more than just an effective issue. He was a symbol of Michael Dukakis's attitude toward crime: soft on criminals, indifferent to victims. When Bush cited Dukakis's record as governor of Massachusetts to tie him to liberal values, Dukakis was paralyzed—he had no rebuttal. Until 1988, Massachusetts was the *only* state that let convicts with no chance of parole out for the weekend, and Dukakis had fought attempts by the state legislature to restrict the furlough program. On the flag issue, Dukakis had vetoed a bill requiring schoolteachers to recite the Pledge of Allegiance to the American flag every day. He hadn't sought to work out a compromise whereby teachers could opt not to recite the Pledge in cases of conscience. So Dukakis's decision not to respond wasn't tactical at all—he simply didn't have a leg to stand on.

Dionne is a soldier in the counterattack against the 1988 race in particular and conservative values campaigns in general. He is eager to make sure the 1988 model isn't repeated in presidential campaigns. His method is to discredit 1988, then substitute a campaign agenda for 1992 and later that is more suited to liberals. He and other liberals are so obsessed by the success of Bush's tactics that they want to change the very conduct of presidential campaigns. Why? Because America's values on the flag, defense, and crime are quite conservative. Liberals don't like those issues and they don't like the results (they lose).

Dionne insists America is beset with "a meaner, narrower kind of politics." He ostensibly faults both conservatives and liberals, but you can guess who gets most of the blame:

> Since the late 1980s, American politics has been held hostage to conservatism's impasse [between libertarians and traditionalists] and liberalism's past failures. The result has been immobility in government, an increasing harshness in politics, and a lack of substance in electoral campaigns.

Translation: New government programs are not being passed, and conservatives are zinging liberals on values issues. This leaves Dionne apoplectic about 1988:

> The 1988 campaign left Americans with ashes in their mouths over the state of their political process. It had been a brutish, backward-looking, divisive campaign. Most of the issues Americans really cared about had gone largely undiscussed. The future had gone undebated. Our politics was still trapped in the past, and the voters hated what they saw.

This bears no relation to the actual 1988 campaign, but never mind: many of America's political reporters have been saying the same thing for three years. In their last column before the election, Jack W. Germond and Jules Witcover declared:

> The 1988 campaign has been as empty as it has been long. When it is over, we will have a new President, but will have no answers about anything except the American electorate's willingness to accept the politics of the lowest common denominator.

In truth, we did have answers. Germond and Witcover just didn't like them.

David Broder of the *Washington Post* said last February that the Bush campaign fed

> the public disbelief in the legitimacy of the whole electoral process. . . . It is a striking fact that the man who told us so much about his views on prison furlough policy has not said one word on the subject since he's been in the presidency. The reason is it had no substantive relevance to the job of being President of the United States.

So what? That's hardly the only test of the worth of an issue.

Writing in *Nieman Reports*, John Herbers, formerly of the *New York Times* and now a columnist for *Governing* magazine, complains that news organizations let the Horton issue "fester like a dead fish for days or weeks." Then it was "explained as an incident that could have happened in a number of states, not just the one where Michael Dukakis was governor. By then the damage was done." It was done, all right. That's because Massachusetts was the only state in which a Willie Horton, a murderer with no prospect of parole, could get a weekend pass. While letting the Horton issue linger, Herbers says, the press gave up on a truly important issue, Bush's role in Iran-contra:

> There was little effort to uncover new information that Bush would have had to respond to. . . . It appeared that the press was part of official Washington's disinclination to push the matter because few had any stomach for attacking a popular President with only a few months left to serve.

Herbers, Broder, Dionne, and others have come to the conclusion that American politics stinks. Herbers writes of "the flawed system of elections." Broder sees "a rather bleak political landscape." Michael Oreskes of the *New*

[1]Simon and Schuster, 430 pp. $22.95.

Fred Barnes is a senior editor of the New Republic.

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York Times wrote last year that "domestic politics has become so shallow, mean, and even meaningless that it is failing to produce the ideas and leadership needed to guide the United States in a rapidly changing world." Geneva Overholser, the editor of the *Des Moines Register*, writes in *Nieman Reports* that "American political discourse today is a disgrace. Most Americans are thoroughly disenchanted with the electoral process." Dionne characterizes our politics as "trivial and stupid."

The solution, according to the liberals, is to have the press, not the candidates, decide what issues should be discussed. Broder is the leading voice in advocating this radical departure in political coverage. He admits this will take reporters "into territory none of us has been in before." An axiom of political reporting, he says, "is that the campaign and its contents are the property of the candidates. It's up to the candidate to decide what is said and done, because after all, it is the candidate whose name is on the ballot." That axiom is out for 1992. "It is time for news organizations individually to decide which issues of the many floated in every campaign are the most important and make them an integral part of campaign coverage," Herbers says. In 1988, Bruce Babbitt, knowing he was wildly popular with reporters but no one else, joked that the press should decide the winner of the Democratic presidential nomination. Now this joke has become serious, at least in selecting which issues get played up and which don't.

Broder says he's "not advocating an effort by the press to determine the political agenda. . . . If we simply substitute the press's agenda for the politicians' agenda, we'll have accomplished nothing." Broder wants "a serious, conscientious reporting effort to determine what the voters' concerns are—and then letting that agenda drive our coverage."

This sounds nice, but my guess is it would stress problems—real or imagined—that lend themselves to programmatic solutions. Reporters would go into "crisis" mode, listing everything in America they think is a problem and asking voters whether government should do something about it. You know the list: the urban crisis, the drug crisis, the education crisis, the environmental crisis, the banking crisis, the housing crisis, the health care crisis. I've probably left a few out, but that's already more crises than even Nixon faced. Voters naturally would say: Sure, government ought to do something about these crises. Reporters would hear exactly what they expected—and wanted—to hear. And the press corps would become a giant version of National Public Radio.

I'm not accusing Broder of bad faith. But, like any reporter, he brings a set of political prejudices to the campaign. In a speech last February at the University of California/Riverside, he mentioned what he expects to hear from voters:

> We would hear about health care. . . . They would probably like to hear candidates talk about—how do we get affordable housing? . . . Clearly, people are worried about schools. . . . They're concerned about crime and drugs and the environment. . . . When the candidates talk seriously about subjects we know are of concern to voters—be it health care, or housing, or education, or jobs or transportation—we would have to take the space to report their views and give the story the prominence the voters' concerns with it merit.

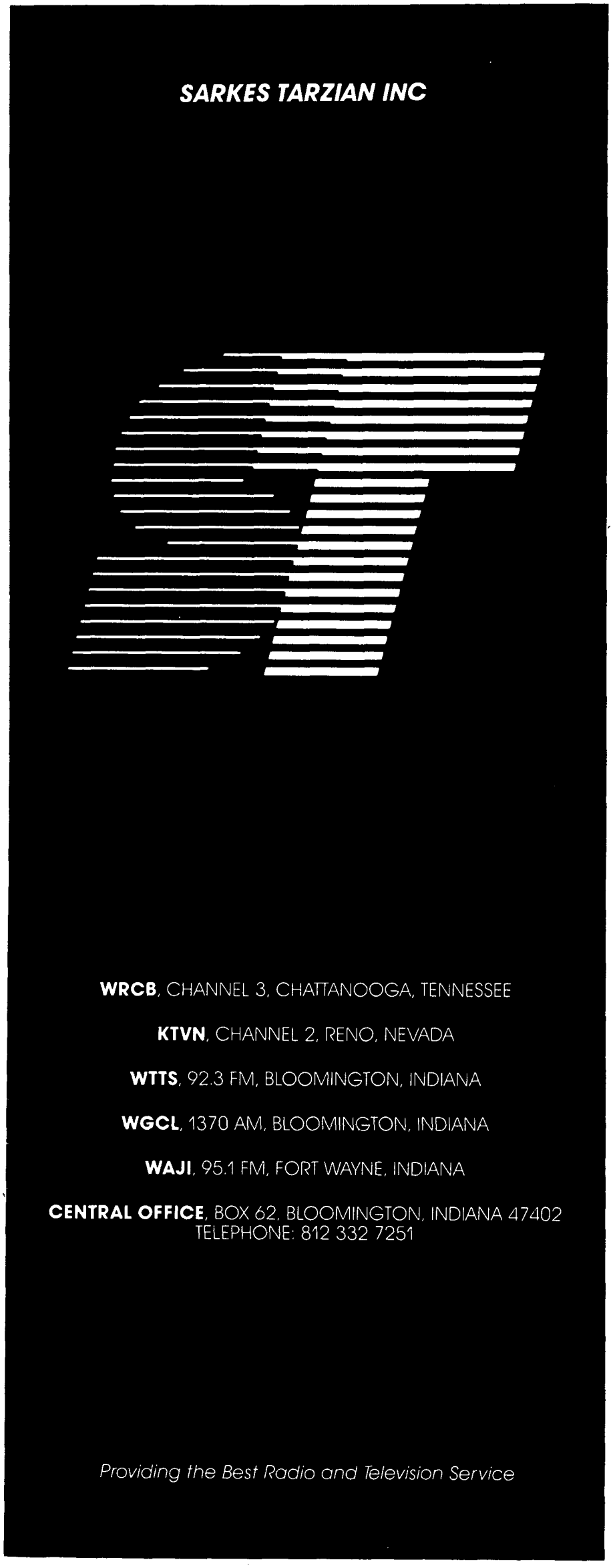
Ask any voter about these crises and the answer will be: Oh, yes, I'm concerned. But what if a candidate thinks some of these aren't significant problems or at least don't require a federal solution? Tough. And what if he wants to talk about values or conservative issues the press has deemed insignificant? Kiss goodbye to any coverage for those.

Herbers says reporters and editors, while consulting polls, should decide on their own which issues matter:

> They should make their decisions primarily out of their own knowledge and instincts. . . . There may be issues that journalists feel to be important but that have not emerged sufficiently for the majority of people to have formed firm or enlightened opinions about them.

Politicians can't be relied on to talk up these issues, says Herbers, since they "base their policy opinions on what the polls tell them rather than using their own insights to stake out an independent stance and persuade the public to follow them. If journalists do not fill that role no one will."

That's very honest of Herbers. My guess is that most reporters agree with him. They want to set the agenda, but anyone who reads a newspaper or watches TV knows the trouble with this—the press agenda is the liberal agenda. According to Dionne, "Voter impatience with George Bush's presidency grew in the second part of his term because the president displayed manifest indifference to domestic policy." (The second part of Bush's term is just beginning!) Liberals are well placed to step in, he believes, since they "are not tied to the highly ideological approach to regulation, taxation, government spending, and income distribution that characterizes so much of contemporary conservatism." You get an inkling of the issues Dionne wants on the table in 1992. The Gulf War, quotas, and Willie Horton need not apply. □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BEN STEIN'S DIARY

HOOKED

by Benjamin J. Stein

Wednesday

About a week ago, my pal B., a successful small businessman in Dallas, called to ask a favor. "My absolutely best astrologer I've ever had, the one who told me that I was going to leave off being a student and become a master and travel through the cosmos, wants to move to L.A. She's really done wonders for me, and I'd appreciate it if you would show her around Los Angeles."

B. is the kind of friend who would rush into a burning building to save my dog Trixie, and so naturally I was delighted to oblige. The only problem was that Tiffany, who was twenty-three and quite attractive, had, in addition to her no doubt phenomenal astrological forecasting abilities, the textbook hooker mentality.

Benjamin J. Stein is a writer, lawyer, economist, and actor living in Malibu, California.

How did I know? Maybe it was that when she got off the airplane and was waiting to get her pitiful suitcases off the carousel, she asked me to go buy her a bottle of Evian. Heiresses go to the water fountain. Tramps ask for bottled water.

Maybe it was because she started hairspraying her hair in my car before we'd left the airport parking lot. Maybe it was because she was obsessed with finding the natural food restaurants of the stars, and could tell me exactly how many calories everything on the menu at The Source had. All of these are indicia of extremely low-class behavior, but none by itself is hooker thinking.

No, I think the giveaway was when she said, as we were leaving The Source, "Do you think there's any way I could make a thousand dollars while I'm here?"

I took Tiffany to Beverly Hills. We walked down the fabled Rodeo Drive. She insisted on going into any store that sold short, tight black dresses or skirts. She insisted on holding them in front of her and saying, "How does this work?"

I told her it all worked great, and it did, but her real thrill was across the street. In a new shopping arcade, which boasts a pasta hangout owned by Meshulam Riklis, who (I suspect) taught Michael Milken about bonds, there is a certain jewelry store.

"You have got to be kidding," she said. "There is a store with my name?"

"You mean you've never heard of Tiffany's?"

"No, I never have," she said. "Is it a nice store?"

We walked around inside Tiffany's for a few minutes. She picked out a forty-thousand-dollar emerald she particularly liked, and then smelled Tiffany perfume, which she thought smelled particularly great (and it did). She was positively in awe of the fact that a famous store had the same name she did, and could not stop talking about it.

"I think there's some connection here," I said. "See, Tiffany's has a reputation for beautiful, expensive, classy jewels, and that's why so many girls are named Tiffany."

"Is that why so many girls are named Kay? Because of Kay Jewelers?"

"No, I think the name Kay probably goes back farther than Kay Jewelers," I said. "It could well go back before Polish immigrants started changing their names to Kay. But Tiffany's has a unique meaning. That's why there are so few girls named K-Mart, or Fed-Co."

She liked that and it kept her happy for quite a long time.

We drove through Bel-Air and she stared at the huge mansions for a time. "How do you get one of these?" she asked.

"Well," I said, "you can be the producer of a successful sitcom and make fifty thousand a week. That helps. Or you can be a junk bond salesman and make ten million a year, and that helps. It's pretty rare, though, to be able to afford one of these."

"How about being an aerobics instructor?"

Tiffany's last stop was at the Sherman Oaks Galleria, which she had been dying to see ever since she saw it on a soap opera. I left her off and picked her up at a bus stop across the street some hours later.

She had bought an entire suitcase filled with lingerie and skimpy exercise outfits, as well as many costume jewelry rings. But she was unnerved about having had to wait for me on Sepulveda Boulevard. "There are some bad girls there," she said. "Some girls who were walking the streets, if you know what I mean."

"I'm sorry you had to be anywhere near them," I said. "How frightened you must have been."

That was a little too mean, I guess, and she started to stare fixedly ahead while breathing in a highly abnormal way, sort of hyperventilating.

"My father used to talk to me like that," she said, "before he just took off and left. Then, after he left, when I was about ten, my mother used to leave us alone while she was out drinking and screwing around. I don't like it when men are real cutting and sarcastic to me."

"I don't like it much myself," I said. "Sorry."

"When I was in the hospital, I talked to the shrink about that a lot. He thinks that's why I got into trouble and got put into the hospital in the first place."

"What kind of trouble was that?" Now I was the one staring straight ahead and hyperventilating.

"When I stabbed my boyfriend the first time," she said. "Then when I sort of went nuts and stabbed all of the furniture in my apartment with a knife and they took me away to the hospital."

"They said it was from your father being sarcastic?"

"From men making all kinds of remarks cutting me down," she said. "That's why I like to cut men."

I thought about that for a while. "Tiffany," I said, "remember that per-

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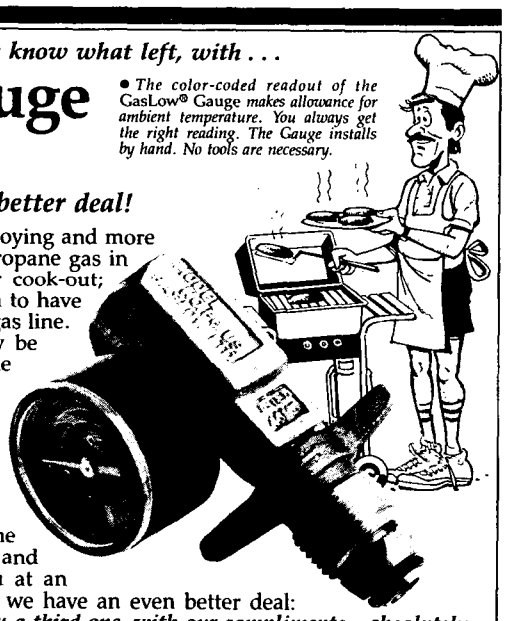

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fume you liked so much at Tiffany's? How would you like it if I bought you a big bottle of it and sent it to you in Dallas?"

Later that night, I called B. He swore he had known nothing about her life outside the charts. "Now that I remember it, she was wearing a beeper," he recalled, "but I thought that must show what a great astrologer she is."

Friday

I have this new program in my life. I call it spiritual calisthenics. Like pushups or jumping jacks, only with the spirit. The main one I have been doing lately is to forgive everyone who has wronged me, first thing in the morning, preferably before I get out of bed.

I learned this from David Eisenhower, although in a very different form. He told me that his distinguished grandfather, when angry at people, would write their names down on a piece of paper and throw it in the trash.

It takes a lot of work this morning, because I have just gotten the "finished copy" of my latest novel. It's not just that the jacket is exactly what I did not want, nor that the photo of the author is likewise what I did not want. The real problems start with the dedication, which is explicitly and precisely what I did not want. That is, the publisher put in a dedication I did not want, and which he knew I did not want. It gets worse. No publicity of any size is planned. Nor is any advertising. Nor is the book in any bookstores besides my neighborhood Malibu Books, where they know me.

Momma, don't let your babies grow up to be authors. There are about two dozen authors who get treated well. The rest, like me, are treated so insultingly by their publishers that it's a miracle there are not more murders of publishers by authors. A stone miracle.

Can it be that I was ever so dumb as to think that there was money and glamour in book writing? At my lowly level? Can it be that I was delirious with glee at selling my first novel, lo these fifteen years ago? Far, far better to have one's dreams and sit drunk in a tavern dreaming them than to collide with the real world of publishing.

I was thinking these thoughts and making a long list of people at the publishing house to forgive when suddenly, *mirabile visu*, the little light on the phone flashed.

Oh, happy day!!! It was my agent telling me that I had a major audition for a continuing part on a sitcom. Oh, thank you, Stanislavsky. Thank you, Barry Diller. Thank you, gods of the tube. Yes, I'll be there in a flash. Yes, and thank you, agent. Thank you, casting people. Thank you, thank you, thank you.

Monday

And still more, thank you. Here is what happens when you try out for a part in a major sitcom pilot. You drive, with Trixie in the back seat, to the headquarters of the production company, located in a large office building in Beverly Hills. You park your car.

As you do, you think that when you first came to Los Angeles, long ago, and met many of the folks who work here, they were just executives. Now they are principals of a vastly successful independent production company. You start to feel envious (my particular malady) and then you feel like maybe you'll chuck it all and go home and sulk.

As you walk down the hall to try to find the office, you think to yourself, "Hey, these guys might very possibly pay me enough to pay off my mortgage, just for standing in front of a camera and saying a few lines and being myself. I love these guys."

I went in and read for the part. Surprise, surprise, I am trying out to play a Big Nerd, only this time a mean-spirited one, who is the manager of a department store in Hartford, Connecticut.

I studied my sides in the lobby along with the other boys and girls. One of my rivals was an actor who played a much bigger role than I did in *Ghostbusters II*. He's a fine actor, and I "like his work."

When I was summoned to read, I added the famed line that Joe McCarthy threw at a mocking "Sanctimonious Stu" Symington during the Army-McCarthy Hearings. Asked by Symington if everyone was a Communist, if, for example, Symington was a Communist, Tailgunner Joe said, in a whiny monotone that still cracks me up, "That's terribly funny, isn't it?"

The producers laughed insanely.

Tuesday

A callback for the part of the mean-spirited nerd, who manages the hypothetical department store in Hartford, Connecticut. This time we were in a hallway at Fox.

How well I know these halls. How many times I have passed down them with my tin cup in hand, begging for a deal for a script, for a treatment, for anything to keep the wolf at bay. How many different names I have seen on these doors. Now, behind the desks of power are boys and girls who look as if they should be in a daycare center.

Anyway, I was up against the guy from *GB II*, who kept walking around the hall reading silently and making various body gestures. This guy, I am sorry to say, is a real pro. Still, when I read I did my "That's terribly funny, isn't it?" gig again. Again they loved me.

As I made my way back to my car, a guard in front of the executive offices stopped me. I have been talking to him for years. Now, he tells me, he has sold a script which may be shooting in a few months. I hope it's true.

Wednesday

Yet another callback. This is starting to worry me. I'm back at Fox, and I like the halls still, but it's scary. I got there early and ate lunch at the Fox commissary. I talked to the head of HBO, waved to Larry Gordon, and visited with Peter Chernin, who is now a major honcho at Fox after having left the unfeeling publishing house now torturing me by abandoning my latest book.

Then I read my lines again. I still seem to be up against that guy from *GB II*. Well, we shall see.

I drove back to my little condo with Trixie. The smog was overwhelming. It looked as if you could taste it. Now that I think of it, of course you could taste it.

I rested and then took the devil boy, my incredibly cute son Tommy, swimming. This kid, I suspect, is the illegitimate child of Thomas Jefferson. His whole world is neutral principles neutrally applied. For example, when I was waiting to pick him up, he started tossing things around the house.

"If you don't stop that," I said, "I will be forced to spank you, even though I don't want to."

"Daddy, it's not nice to spank people."

"Well, it's not nice to intentionally mess up the house."

"Yes, but a house doesn't hurt when you mess it up and I hurt when you spank me," he said.

"That's all very true," I agreed, "and I don't want to be forced to spank you."

"Well, if you don't want to, then why do you do it? Do you do other things you don't want to do?"

I expected him to take a Temporary Restraining Order from his pocket, but instead he put on his bathing suit.

At my pool, there is a little playhouse with a big wide door and little windows with wooden dowels resembling bars. He ran inside and stuck his little head through the bars.

"I see you're in jail, and richly deserved," I said.

"No, Daddy," he said. "This is not a jail, because it has a door, and I can leave any time I want."

Tommy will be four in mid-August. He may seem smart, but where is his first piano concerto?

After Tommy left (I gave him fifty bucks and told him to have a good time while I watched cartoons), I lay in bed and hoped I would get the part. Like clockwork, like answered prayers, the phone rang. The part is mine.

I start next Monday, and I'm totally ready.

God help me, but I love winning at things. I shouldn't, but I do. Ha! I beat out that much better actor. Thank you, God. Thank you, Joe McCarthy, for your inspiring example. It pays to have watched TV in 1954. □

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AMONG THE INTELLECTUALOIDS

LOST IN TRANSLATION

by David Gurevich

Fifteen years ago in Moscow I worked as an interpreter at receptions for Western cultural luminaries, where the Ministry of Culture would spread out its largesse—caviar, smoked fish, meat, and champagne and cognac flowing freely to endless toasts to peace and friendship—over long banquet tables and snow-white linens. On the Soviet side would be the officials (always introduced as "critics") and a handful of carefully screened artists—the woman, the Tatar, the "young writer." This crew would grin politely, trying not to say too much—a few receptions like this, and you had a shot at joining a delegation to go *abroad!* Was it worth forfeiting such a prize for a word in support of Sakharov? The Western visitors, safely cocooned by their hosts, always looked like dolts to me. It was only later, when I met some of them in the West, that I realized that few had been fooled. It was just that they were having such a good time and were so determined to be gracious guests and not to play into the hands of . . . in short, decorum reigned.

Translating this spring at "Glasnost in Two Cultures: Soviet Russian/North American Women's Writing," a conference sponsored by the New York Institute for the Humanities at NYU, reminded me of the good old days. The Planning Committee was chaired by (Dr.) Domna Stanton, professor of French and Women's Studies at the University of Michigan. Also batting on the feminist side were such heavy hitters as (Dr.) Catharine R. Stimpson, our Minister of Culture without portfolio from Rutgers University. The Soviets, primarily women traveling on the booming fellowship/scholarship circuit, were led by the poet and critic Zoya Boguslavskaya; Tatyana Tolstaya, whose short-story collection *On the Golden Porch* has been acclaimed by American critics; and Nina Belyayeva, a lawyer-turned-journalist from *Moscow News*. American Slavists, such as Marina Astman, professor of Russian at Barnard, "had one foot in each culture" and were there to "help bridge the gap between the other two groups" (i.e., American feminists and Russian writers).

The beauty of glasnost is that no public event, whether a parliamentary session or a philatelists' convention, ever comes off quite as planned. This time the spanner in the works was the obscure Soviet women's group Transfiguration, ten shy-looking ladies who fully expected to be given the floor. Although the group's program was unclear, they met every Soviet speech with howls of derision. But that was later; decorum was maintained for some time. The high point in the introductory speeches came when author Grace Paley offered to take the Soviet guests on an unofficial tour of the Lower East Side—junkies, beggars, and all—and did. Unfortunately the day was cold, and few panhandlers were to be seen.

Two presentations discussed Tolstaya's work, but a whole panel was devoted to the critic Bakhtin, who spent his life in party-imposed obscurity. And when critic Natalya Adzhikhina spoke of jettisoning the old canon, she meant the old *party* canon: not merely Sholokhov but also such female stalwarts of socialist realism as Maryetta Shaginyan and Galina Nikolayeva. Furthermore, one Soviet speaker after another made the hostesses squirm with their blasphemy: "There's only good and bad literature—not male and female."

In her presentation "Ending the Cold War at Home," Ms. Linda Kauffman of the University of Maryland countered with the American position: "I don't want to sound like I'm from California —which actually I am—but this is, like, heavy-duty denial." (This was the only point in her speech that caused me a translation problem; the rest of her clichés have perfect Russian equivalents, finessed over the past seventy years.) Kauffman rounded up the usual suspects (the NEA, the FBI, Jesse Helms) and keened over the usual martyrs (Karen Finley, Robert Mapplethorpe, David Wojnarowicz). Bombarded by the revelations that "MacNeil/Lehrer is *funded by AT&T*," "homelessness is a human rights violation," and something about the "women's Gulag," the guests started filing out to the ladies' room, where they could smoke, in violation of NYU policy. There, with Tatyana Tolstaya holding court, they were oblivious to the "deep applause, turning into an ovation" (as *Pravda*'s accounts of official speeches used to put it) that followed the presentation. Passing by on my way to the men's room, I heard gales of laughter inside. I felt, to use conference lingo, marginalized.

No presentation upset the hostesses as much as the Moscow poet Olesya Nikolayeva's "Russian Religious Tradition and the Problems of Feminism." Socialism deprived women of their femininity, Nikolayeva said, and broke the tradition of moral, spiritual women in Russian literature; more importantly, it broke the *Christian* tradition, without which Russian literature after Pushkin is unthinkable. Per se, this is obvious: you don't need a Ph.D. to see that the transition from Dostoevsky's Nastassya Filipovna to Trenev's Lyubov Yarovaya (who kills her husband for Socialist ideals) is rooted in changed reality. But instead of staying within the safe confines of literary criticism, Nikolayeva concluded with some shocking statistics about juvenile crime in the USSR—due, she thinks, to mothers' having to work—and exhorted her listeners to return to their traditional roles as keepers of the hearth.

Whether or not one agrees with Nikolayeva (I, for one, was disturbed by her heavy emphasis on "Christian tradition," which can be an explosive locution in Russia), her speech woke a few people up. Stimpson could not let the blasphemy pass, and voiced her concern with the "new totalitarianism" and the "return to pre-ordained roles." Working mothers responsible for millions of runaways? The state should build more day-care centers. Stanton chimed in with "white male morality." Nikolayeva was flustered. She had obviously not expected to touch a nerve—which should tell us something, for better or for worse, about the continuing cultural isolation of the Soviet Union.

Nikolayeva and Tolstaya read from their work, and Georgian filmmaker Lana Gogoberidze showed *A Few Inter-*

David Gurevich's most recent book is From Lenin to Lennon: A Memoir of Russia in the Sixties *(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich).*

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views on Personal Issues, her bittersweet account of a journalist torn between her career and her family. Although touching and sincere, the film was stylistically dated, with a jazz soundtrack suggesting that Gogoberidze had watched too much Claude Lelouch. Stimpson, normally a study in steely composure, admitted she had cried throughout the show. I felt like asking if she taped "All My Children," too.

In her closing remarks, Stimpson miraculously managed to get to the left of every speaker. Praising the last one, the black critic Hortense Spillers, she stressed that in this country African culture had largely preceded the European; she found it hypocritical that the U.S. had supported the Soviet dissidents while crushing the opposition at home; she affirmed the need to balance group rights and individual rights (leaning strongly to the former). The Soviets looked perplexed. Too bad she did not equate sex with rape (this time); that would have led them to turn their heads to my translator's booth and mutter, "He must be overworked."

Amid smiles and sisterly hugs, the conference was about to close with a luncheon at NYU's Deutsches Haus, where the audience could unwind. It did not work out that way. Stanton, ever the gracious hostess, acceded to the Transfigurationists' demands and gave them the floor. I am not quite sure how that started a free-for-all. Perhaps it was a mistake to serve wine with Russians in attendance. In any event, Valerya Narbikova, a young novelist whose style is a cross between James Joyce and Henry Miller, decided to speak, too—about her women writers' group The New Amazons. "It's just a name," she said. "We have nothing to do with feminism."

"Nothing at all?" Spillers inquired politely.

Wine glass in hand, Valerya was pure *artiste*: "Nope." Within minutes, the place was the verbal equivalent of a Western saloon, with the talk coming down to one issue: Is it harder to be published if you are a woman? *Of course*, said the Americans. *No way*, said the Russians.

Ladylike pretenses were dropped. The women were tearing the mike from each others' hands, and I was racing around like Phil Donahue on speed. Stanton was left alone, all alone—her faction, including Stimpson, had fled quietly—and she was actually wringing her hands.

Tatyana thundered along. "You guys keep coming to Russia and we keep telling you these things! Why do you never listen to us? Why do you think you know more about our life than we do?"

"It's really time to go," said Stanton, all hope of being heard gone from her voice.

Tatyana turned and asked me to get another bottle from the bar. □

THE PUBLIC POLICY

RETURN TO SPENDER

by Doug Bandow

Conventional wisdom holds that last fall's budget agreement between President Bush and Congress effectively blocks the systematic raiding of the Treasury that has characterized the last several decades. The *Los Angeles Times* recently headlined one article: "Budget Agreement Having Positive Effect on Congress." In it, Senate Budget Committee chairman James Sasser (D-Tenn.) claims the pact is "the most demanding fiscal discipline Congress has ever imposed on itself." Meanwhile, Richard Darman, director of the Office of Management and Budget, calls it "the toughest federal budget enforcement ever."

If only that were so. The agreement's most important provision—that spending increases in any of three areas (defense, domestic, international) must be counterbalanced by cuts in the same area—is a laudable one. But "emergency" spending is not covered by the provision, and last spring, when legislators tried to use an "emergency" bill to push through a passel of the usual pork, it was the threat of a presidential veto, *not* the budget pact, that caused Congress to back down.

Moreover, because the law allows spending to expand in response to changing economic conditions, the budget levels should be considered floors rather than ceilings, as analyst Stephen Moore has argued. The "cap" on domestic spending increases—9.5 percent this year, 6.1 percent the next—is hardly a cap at all. According to Rudolph Penner, former head of the Congressional Budget Office, "The new process treats discretionary spending generously. Consequently, appropriators for civilian discretionary programs will have more flexibility to spend than at any time since the 1970s." The "changing economic conditions" loophole was used earlier this year to revise the cost of entitlement programs upward by $183 billion through 1995—in effect swallowing up all of last fall's tax hike.

The budget agreement discourages cutting taxes unless there is a countervailing increase elsewhere. The Senate recently refused to cut Social Security tax rates, even though most Americans pay more in payroll tax than in income tax. Rep. Dan Rostenkowski (D-Ill.) has abandoned his attempt to restore the full deductibility of IRAs: "If we can't pay for them, they're not going to be seen in this budget." Worst of all, the agreement pumped up spending to outrageous levels before imposing any controls. Not one agency was killed by an agreement that included roughly $195 billion in tax hikes.[1] The President and Congress actually established several *new* programs, including childcare subsidies and an expansion of Medicaid, before taking the pledge of fiscal sobriety.

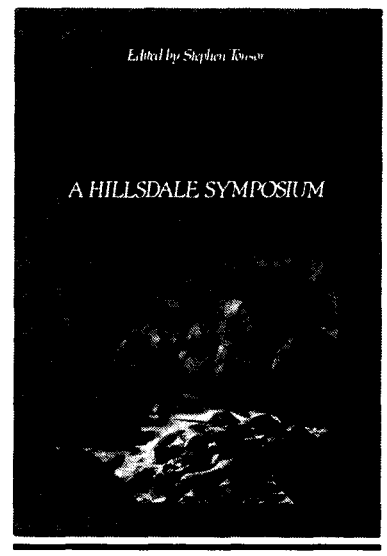
Between January 1989, when Reagan left office, and 1992, total federal expenditures will jump 27 percent—from $1.14 trillion to $1.45 trillion—with domestic ("discretionary" and "entitlement") spending accounting for $300 billion, virtually all of the rise. In the first two years of the Bush Administration, domestic outlays rose ten percent a year, higher than those of any President since Franklin D. Roosevelt, including Lyndon Johnson. Even leaving aside the S&L bailout, Bush is a bigger spender than Carter, Johnson, and Truman. And under the budget agreement, domestic spending will rise through 1995 by 7.6 percent annually, far above the expected inflation rate of 4.2 percent.

Bush is happily pumping money into a variety of domestic programs that Reagan successfully squeezed: Head Start, job-training, land acquisition, health and social programs, and research and development for just about everything. The budget itself lauds the President's proposals for record spending by the Department of Education and Head Start as "investing in the future." Between 1989 and 1991, spending for agriculture rose 12 percent, for energy 13 percent, interior 18 percent, transportation 20 percent, Congress and edu-

Doug Bandow is a senior fellow at the Cato Institute and the author of The Politics of Plunder: Misgovernment in Washington *(Transaction Books).*

[1]The official figure is $167 billion, but Congress and the administration count some tax increases as spending cuts.

REFLECTIONS ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION



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cation 21 percent, Treasury and the Postal Service 29 percent, and housing and social programs 31 percent.

The best test of Congress's budget-cutting sincerity will be its willingness to forego pork-barrel projects. Public ridicule caused Congress to kill a $500,000 appropriation to renovate Lawrence Welk's birthplace, but dozens of similar examples remain. Sen. Robert Byrd (D-W.V.), who has used his chairmanship of the Appropriations Committee to garner more than $1 billion in pork for his state, got $4.5 million to renovate a movie theater in Huntington. Sen. Robert Dole (R-Kan.) pushed through $590,000 for a new visitor center at the Fort Larned National Historic Site, even though the Park Service rated the existing center satisfactory.

Florida got $1 million for a performing arts center, Texas $1.7 million for a bee laboratory, Iowa $2.2 million for the Tailored Clothing Technology Company, Arkansas $2.7 million for a fish farm. Rep. John Murtha (D-Penn.) led the campaign for a $13 million industrial theme park. Congress voted $19 million to study cow flatulence, $3.3 million for work on zebra mussels, $1.3 million to examine cow ticks, $800,000 to build bathrooms on Mount McKinley, and $200,000 to research locoweed.

Naturally, the call for frugality never affects Capitol Hill. While they were approving tax hikes on everyone else, Congress voted $25,000 to study constructing a gym for staffers, $375,000 to modernize the House beauty parlor, $2 million to renovate the House kitchen and restaurant, and $6 million to convert the congressional subway into a nonstop people-mover.

A major justification for the high-tax, high-spend status quo agreed to last October was the size of the budget deficit, then at $220 billion, which officials close to President Bush said was a particular concern of his. Under the new budget, the deficit will balloon to $318 billion this year, and will probably exceed $300 billion next year as well, and President Bush does not seem in the least worried. These figures are far higher than Ronald Reagan's largest deficits, which one newspaper headlined in 1988 as "Reagan's Greatest Legacy." Furthermore, the federal government today accounts for a quarter of the economy, up from 23 percent just last year and the largest share since 1946. Next year's share will fall slightly to 24.2 percent, still the third-highest post-World War II level.

The administration projects that, by 1996, total federal outlays will run $1.54 trillion, up $131 billion from this year. Domestic spending, excluding interest, is expected to rise from $886 billion to $1.01 trillion. The administration would have us believe that these are moderate increases, indicating that the budget is finally under control. Unfortunately, the real numbers will be far higher, because of accounting tricks. The government treats some revenues as "offsetting receipts," which it uses to cut reported spending levels. Between 1990 and 1992 alone, offsetting receipts will rise by $50 billion, hiding that much in spending increases.

Moreover, history suggests that the chances of the administration's predictions being met are slim, to say the least. In January 1980, President Carter projected total outlays of $633 billion in 1981 and $787 billion in 1983. The actual figures under Reagan, who benefited from lower inflation, were $678 billion and $808 billion. In January 1982, President Reagan projected spending of $879 billion in 1985; the total actually came to $946 billion. In January 1985, he predicted $1.20 trillion in 1990; the actual level was $1.26 trillion. And Bush's January 1990 budget estimates of $1.27 trillion for 1992 and $1.48 trillion for 1996 have been upped to $1.45 trillion and $1.54 trillion, respectively.

Presidents have excuses for spending that exceeds projections, but George Bush has almost all of them—a recession, interest rate fluctuations, unexpected crises, including the S&L debacle and the Gulf War, etc.

With higher spending will inevitably come higher taxes. Revenues are expected to grow far faster than outlays, going from $1.09 trillion to $1.56 trillion in 1996. Taxes took 19.1 percent of GNP last year, will take 19.4 percent this year, and are expected to rise to 20.0 percent in 1996—the highest level since the 20.1 percent of 1969 and 1981. Even at the height of World War II, when the state and local tax burden was considerably lower, the federal government took only 21.7 percent of the GNP in taxes. Counting all levels of government, taxpayers have never been more burdened than today. According to the Tax Foundation, a Washington-based research organization, Tax Freedom Day—when people effectively start working for themselves—came on May 8 this year, the latest ever. It was May 5 last year and May 1 in 1980. Certain residents are far worse off: people in the District of Columbia and New York work for the government until May 26, for instance.

The good news, according to the Bush Administration, is that high spending and higher taxes mean the government will run a surplus of $20 billion for 1996. Yet the pattern of the 1980s was that revenue increases sparked an orgy of spending increases. In late 1982, the TEFRA tax hike, then the largest in history, caused the deficit to rise from $128 billion to $208 billion in one year. Although President Reagan signed into law six major tax increases, essentially wiping out his 1981 cuts, in the eight years of his term, spending hikes (69.0 percent) outstripped revenue increases (65.3 percent). After all six budget summits in the eighties, spending wound up higher than had been agreed. After five of the six summits, the deficit rose. President Reagan's last effort, in 1987, led to an agreement for $28 billion in revenue in exchange for a $76 billion deficit reduction; the deficit rose, by $5.4 billion in 1988 and $11 billion in 1989.

The administration says that this time will be different, because it has an agreement with Congress. But, even assuming the pact holds—and Congress could vote to change it tomorrow—the same pattern appears to be recurring. Advocates of last year's budget accord promised that every dollar in tax hikes would yield $2.05 in "spending savings," doublespeak for cuts in otherwise planned increases. In fact, spending next year will rise $1.97 for every dollar in tax increases, the usual pattern. In short, the President accepted spending increases to match revenue hikes as part of the agreement itself. All told, Bush will spend roughly $667 billion more from 1990 to 1995 than if he had maintained Reagan's spending rates.

We are left with both spending and taxing spiraling out of control. The only long-term hope for controlling lawmakers is to create outside institutional mechanisms to constrain them. Constitutional limitations on the portion of the economy the government can seize, as well as requirements for congressional super majorities on any tax-hike or budget bill, would help, but appear politically out of reach. Congressional term limitations would help oust the most effective porkers and discourage legislators from looting the treasury in an attempt to win re-election.

Marginal adjustments might be possible. Senators Hank Brown (R-Colo.) and Pete Domenici (R-N.M.) pushed through the Senate an amendment that would allow entitlement programs to expand only if financed by spending cuts elsewhere, unless 60 members voted for a tax hike; the House has balked at approving such a measure. And Scott Hodge of the Heritage Foundation has proposed the "Four Percent Solution"—capping domestic spending to save $225 billion through 1995. Tightening the cap to 3 percent, hardly unreasonable given today's spending base of $1.4 trillion, would save about $340 billion, enough to win back losses from last year's tax increase.

But don't expect George Bush to back any of these measures. Politically, the budget package has proved a brilliant success. His tax sellout has been forgotten in the aftermath of the Gulf War; his support for huge spending increases has been obscured by projections of a declining deficit. And he has frustrated the Democrats who, despite having won large and continuing spending and tax increases, have been forced into the unpopular game of playing one interest group against another. Alas, the President's apparent success in the Washington power game cannot obscure a far more important failure: his status as the biggest tax-and-spender ever. □

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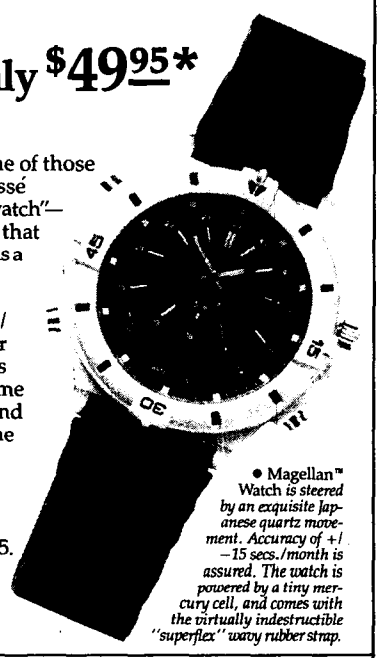

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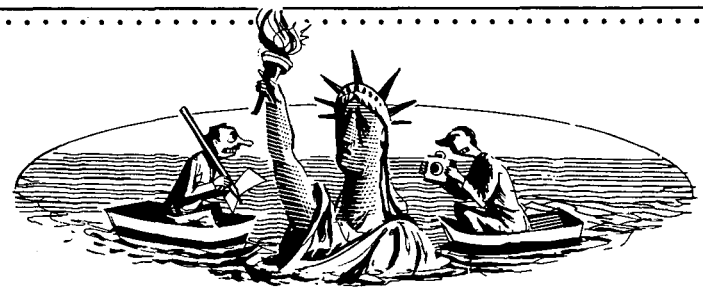

COMMANDER WOODWARD

by Terry Eastland

On May 2, the *Washington Post* announced the publication of *The Commanders*, the new book by its own Bob Woodward, on page A1. The story, written by Haynes Johnson, jumped twice before coming to a final rest at seventy-nine column inches. Of course, few readers wish to consume so much newsprint, and doubtless most took in only the lead. Here Johnson informed readers that, according to *The Commanders*, Gen. Colin L. Powell, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, had had "serious reservations" about the Bush Administration's strategy in the Persian Gulf and "repeatedly" suggested that measures short of war could accomplish U.S. objectives. The headlines read: "Book Says Powell Favored Containment . . . Image of Harmony on Gulf Policy Dispelled." *The Commanders*, like Woodward's other books closely held until the day of publication, thus came into the world with a certain spin, courtesy of Woodward's employer. There was, however, a small problem: the contents of the book.

In *The Commanders*, Colin Powell argues for containment not "repeatedly" but just a few times, all of them in October: twice to Defense Secretary Richard B. Cheney, once to national security adviser Brent Scowcroft, and then to Secretary of State James A. Baker III. At the end of October, according to *The Commanders*, Powell has the opportunity to make the argument to President Bush himself, with Cheney and Scowcroft present. In Johnson's account, Powell seemingly does that: "He finally raised the issue with Bush, 'arguing that containment would take time, maybe as long as a year or two, but it would work.' " What Woodward actually wrote was that, while Powell "tried to speak as an advocate . . . he did not go so far as to say to the President that containment was his personal recommendation." Instead, he gave a balanced presentation of the two options. Moreover, according to Woodward, Powell told Bush that "he could live with either containment or an offensive option." *Pace* the *Post*, Powell's reservations don't seem serious after all.

Patrick E. Tyler of the *New York Times* was not fooled by the *Post*'s spin. In a May 3 story regrettably buried inside his paper, he found the book significantly less revelatory than the *Post* story indicated. But Tyler's piece was the exception. The early line advanced by the *Post* was reiterated in most other press accounts. *Newsweek* (owned by the Washington Post Co.) ran a cover story highlighting Powell as "The Reluctant Warrior" and emphasizing the "Doubts and Divisions on the Road to War."

In the *New York Review of Books*, Michael Massing wrote that "had it become known last fall and early winter that [Powell] had reservations about going to war, the political debate in Washington might have taken a different course." Oh? It would have been odd had Powell *not* been inclined toward containment: *most* generals are reluctant warriors. But Powell's reservations were not that strong, as Woodward knows. Massing accuses Woodward nonetheless of sitting on big news.

Interviewed in early May on National Public Radio's "Morning Edition," Woodward said that if there had been "something so crucial that I felt that this had to be in the newspaper right away I would have gone to the sources I have —and said that. Happily, that really did not occur." The real question is not whether Woodward was sitting on big news but whether he consented to the hyping of his book so ably performed by the Washington Post Co. It would be dumb to argue that he did not. Indeed, the text of his book suggests that he and his publisher tailored it to exactly the kind of promotion it got.

The Commanders begins with a prologue in which Powell and his predecessor, Adm. William J. Crowe, meet in Powell's office over lunch in November 1990. Powell tells Crowe, "I've been for a containment strategy, but it hasn't been selling around here [the Pentagon] or over there [the White House]." Woodward says Crowe "didn't have the nerve to ask whether Powell had made these arguments explicitly to the President." (*Had* Powell, one wonders?) Woodward then reminds readers, by having Crowe think these thoughts, that the administration "was presenting itself publicly as one happy team marching in unison" and that if Powell were honest and disagreed with Bush, he might have to resign. (He didn't, of course; so what happened?) Powell then recalls his efforts to argue for containment; the reader is told of his October meetings with Cheney, Scowcroft, Baker, and finally the President. Here Powell makes his balanced presentation, and Woodward tells the reader that since October the general has given no more thought to containment—these, presumably, are the stubborn facts that Woodward cannot change and must report.

But Woodward's emphasis on Powell's reservations works a dramatic effect. Woodward and his publisher, Simon and Schuster, know how to edit a book to attract maximum interest, especially from a press that is occupationally obsessed with any differences among officials. And *The Commanders* is a number-one bestseller.

The Commanders, writes Woodward, is "about how the United States decides to fight its wars before shots are fired," but it falls well short of that. Woodward does not analyze such important issues as whether the decision to fight in the Persian Gulf should have required a congressional declaration of war. He reports much and understands little. Woodward's reputation, of course, derives from his reporting, and the reporting in *The Commanders* relies on anonymous sources.

Woodward notes that "nearly all" of the more than 400 people he interviewed spoke on "deep background," understanding they would not be identified by name or title. Since "the sources are not identified in the text"—or in footnotes, there being none—it seems the very few sources who did speak on the record were taken off the record and placed on deep background, an unconventional practice. Woodward claims his method has produced a book "somewhere between newspaper journalism and history."

Another odd technique is that of directly quoting statements made in meetings or conversations Woodward was told about. These quotations "come from at least one participant who specifically recalled or took notes on what was said." Woodward also attributes "thoughts, beliefs, and conclusions" to people, including some he never interviewed. These mental states were conveyed to Woodward either directly by the person who had them "or from a source who gained knowledge of them directly from that person." Woodward, then, took all of what he was told and related, as an omniscient narrator, what he thinks happened. No one can know in any particular instance whether it is the principal himself who was the source for the direct or indirect quotations or the attributed states of mind, or whether it is someone the principal was talking to.

Woodward's judgment is right: *The Commanders* is neither journalism nor history. Ironically, while Woodward encourages—even requires—anonymity, most newspapers are trying to put more things on the record, and history generally does that. How much of this story Woodward could ethically have put into the daily paper is an open question. I would bet not very much. Tongues are more likely to loosen when responsibility cannot be publicly fixed, and even more when the writer calls not to chase a daily news story but to research a book.

One problem with the anonymous source is motive. People become sources for a variety of reasons, including vanity (being a Woodward source must be something of a résumé-builder in the Pentagon) and self-protection ("I'd better tell it my way or Woodward will go with what he's heard from others"). Of course, Woodward does not tell us why his sources became sources;

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one can only speculate. Assuming that Powell was a major source, the general, whom Woodward paints as public affairs-savvy, may have wanted to get his views out just in case Desert Shield and Desert Storm failed. As Victor Gold put it in his review last month in these pages, Powell may have wanted the world to know it wasn't his fault we had failed, but that of a "manic warmonger" in the White House. And had the Gulf War failed, Woodward obviously would have written a different prologue—maybe one featuring Powell's *failure* to tell the President he was against the military option.

The real puzzle is Cheney, very likely another source. Woodward portrays Cheney as he is generally regarded—as a man eager to protect and preserve executive power; indeed, Woodward relates Cheney's well-known efforts to prevent unauthorized contacts with the Hill and the press. Why would such a loyalist make himself a source? And why, for that matter, would so many in an executive branch that until now had avoided massive leaks talk to Woodward on "deep background"? Here is the real news of *The Commanders*. Haynes Johnson could have written a story headlined, "Administration Leaks Massively to Bob Woodward," with the subhead, "Anti-Talk Cheney a Major Source." That kind of take on *The Commanders* would not have pleased the marketing wizards at Simon and Schuster, but it's certainly news worthy of page A1.

There is one person that we know was not a source: "President Bush," Woodward writes tersely, "was not interviewed." Woodward does not say why, but *Newsweek* does: "The President was not approached for an interview in part because Woodward feared that if Bush discovered how much Powell and others had been leaking to the *Post* reporter, he would order them to shut up." Thus, to save a book titled *The Commanders*, Woodward decided not to talk to the Commander-in-Chief. It was left to reporters on May 2, when the book first became available, to question Bush about Powell *on the record*. Writing an anonymously sourced book about events that centrally involve the one person who is not interviewed is one way, I suppose, to "advance" a story; other reporters can now carry the ball publicly. Looked at more cynically, it's also a way to generate big sales.

The administration has chosen to ignore *The Commanders*, but it may be unable to when Powell goes up for his confirmation hearings. Senators Sam Nunn and John Warner have plans, so far largely unreported, to ask him questions about the propriety of anonymous conversations with Woodward. In time, participants will write memoirs, and authors will write books. *The Commanders* will be part of a larger body of writings, which can be evaluated against each other. Perhaps one of those later writers will also tell us whether, in the wake of *The Commanders*, President Bush has dressed down a Woodward source or two.

Meanwhile, it is those sources who remain so essential to the making of a Woodward book. "My greatest thanks," the author writes on the last page of *The Commanders*, "go to the hundreds of sources." Woodward is wise to thank them; it is not uncharitable to say that he'd be nothing without them.

What he is *with* them is hard to say, since the biggest problem with the anonymous source is verification. Eliot A. Cohen writes in the *New Republic*: "Whenever I have been able to check Woodward's account it has been confirmed, both the facts presented and the atmosphere depicted. Even officials who loathe the man and disparage the book have admitted to me its essential accuracy." Cohen concludes that the book is "roughly right." The word I get from Pentagon reporters is that those who work inside the place say (anonymously) that it's about 80 percent right.

But it's doubtful that Powell, Cheney, and others will go to the briefing room to tell us which 20 percent is wrong. ☐

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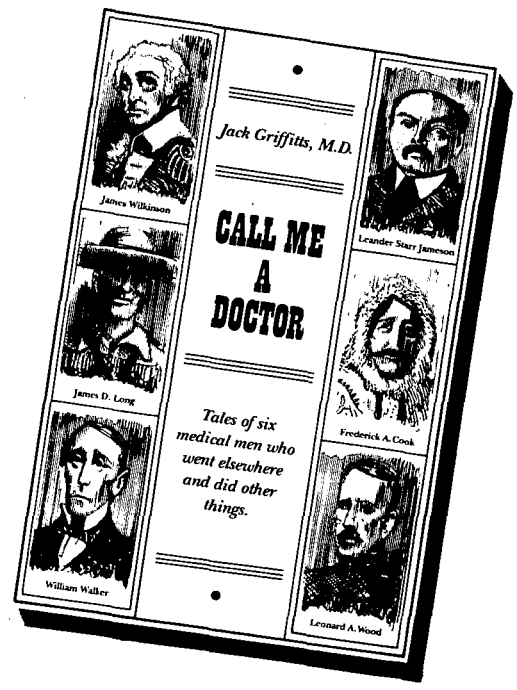
*Leonard A. Wood, "Rough Rider" organizer, friend of Teddy Roosevelt, and boss of George Patton.

*Leander Starr Jameson, a Scotsman who raided the Boers for Cecil Rhodes in South Africa.

*James Wilkinson, governor of the new Louisiana Territory who conspired with Mexico and exposed Aaron Burr.



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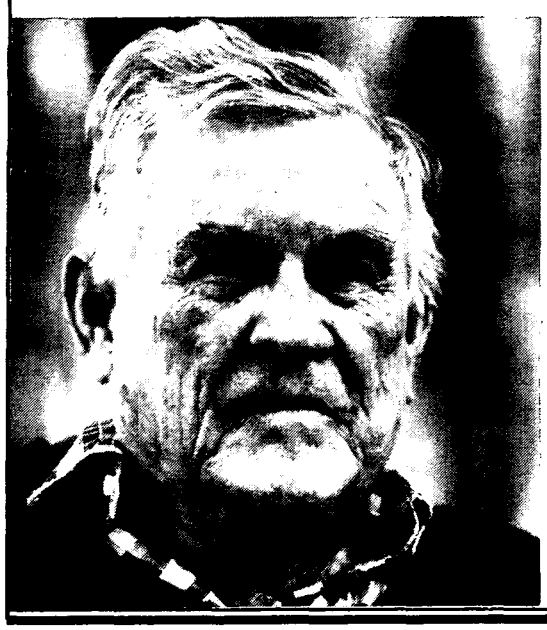

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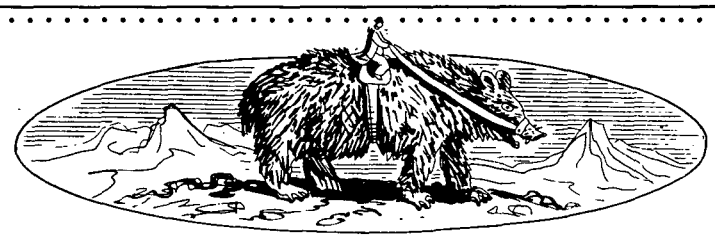

SPY MAGAZINE

by Cathy Young

It used to be that whenever the KGB wanted something to appear in the press—say, a denunciation of the subversive doings of human rights groups—a newspaper chosen for the purpose, whether *Pravda*, *Izvestia*, or one more obscure, would simply run an article signed by "V. Ivanov" or some other Russian equivalent of Joe Smith. Then glasnost arrived, and the KGB came out of the closet. Soviet dailies and weeklies began to carry "KGB Briefing" or "News from the KGB" columns, which usually stressed that, though the state security police may have lapsed into "violations of socialist legality" in the past, its present activities were strictly confined to protecting the Soviet people from espionage, terrorism, and organized crime.

But that, it turns out, was not the final stage in the evolution of the relationship between the KGB and the press. Before me is the first (March 1991) issue of a new Soviet monthly, the *Analytic Press*. The front page carries, in large type, an address to the reader which opens thus:

> One of the co-founders of our newspaper is an intelligence service.
>
> Specifically, the Moscow section of the KGB. Which, in itself, will put you on guard. We have no intention of representing our co-founders as innocent lambs. . . .

After explaining that the paper merely wants the general public to have access, at long last, to the wealth of information and analysis possessed by intelligence services, the editors add a coy disclaimer: "Over 90 percent of our editorial staff do not work for the KGB, and the proofs are not submitted [to that agency] for approval." Weirder still, the other co-founder of *Analytic Press* is the independent film studio Contact-Film; the last page, consequently, is devoted to film news and reviews.

What does the KGB have to say for itself? KGB major Andrei Oligov explains that reports about the KGB performing services for Soviet businesspeople (see *TAS*, March 1991) are greatly exaggerated but not completely untrue ("We could help Soviet enterprises become more competitive in the international market"), and asserts that such things are common all over the world (CIA director William Webster is quoted as saying that the Agency is beginning to monitor the economic activities of other countries in order to boost the competitiveness of U.S. corporations).

On the same page appear the results of a survey measuring "negative attitudes of the population of the Russian Federation" toward various institutions. According to the survey, the KGB is not as unpopular as some other Soviet institutions: republic-wide, it gets a negative rating of 40 percent, coming out ahead of Communist party structures (62 percent), the Komsomol (58 percent), local councils of people's deputies (45 percent), official trade unions (45 percent), and the Soviet Council of Ministers (44 percent). The results are broken down regionally: the KGB is rated less negatively in Moscow (31 percent) and Leningrad (33 percent) than in the republic as a whole, beating the courts, prosecutors, and the Supreme Soviet of the USSR. The mind boggles—before it registers the fact that there is no mention of how the survey was conducted or by whom. *Cui bono?*

There is more: a sympathetic piece on Seventh-Day Adventists, advice to investors, an excerpt from the memoirs of the head of the Czarist secret police in 1905–17 (the KGB in search of its roots?) and, for some unfathomable reason, a "poetry corner," with selections from *classical Chinese poetry* next to an article charmingly titled "The KGB in a Changing World." What the KGB is trying to accomplish by branching out into publishing can be gleaned from the magazine's economic and political commentary, which suggests that the transition to a market economy can proceed painlessly if guided by a firm hand (invisible, perhaps, but not in the sense meant by Adam Smith).

All the same, our new, image-conscious, pinstripe-clad *Komitet* is careful to emphasize that it is on the side of civilization. An article on the dangers the "brain drain" poses to the Soviet economy ends by noting that the flow cannot be stopped by "prohibitive methods": "After all, our people have become real experts at getting around various governmental bans. Moreover, this would look abnormal in the context of worldwide legal practices." Even more remarkable is an article entitled "KGB in the Back-Rooms of Shops," signed by one Andrei Gladkov, who takes *Vremya* to task for its reports about the KGB hunting down dishonest shop personnel and reclaiming so many million rubles' worth of hidden goods—a mere drop in the bucket of the Soviet consumer famine:

> Drug dealers, organized crime leaders [and the like] can rejoice: KGB experts have been taken off their case and sent into battle with socialist shortages. It is a battle with no chance of victory, because it should be waged by economists and producers, not by detectives and operatives.

Gladkov (who also suggests "flexible, non-exorbitant taxes" as a way to extirpate the underground economy) laments that involving the KGB in such "campaigning" may "turn talented young people away from the KGB and lead the best operative agents to resign."

Readers taken in by the image of a user-friendly, Milton Friedman–reading KGB are advised to turn to the April 1 double issue of the weekly *Stolitsa* ("The Capital"), published by the Moscow City Council. In it, Lt. Col. Vladimir Aladkin of the Altai regional section of the KGB demands a full investigation of the organization in which he has been serving for fourteen years, and the resignation of its chief Vladimir Kryuchkov. The current KGB leadership, writes the brave officer, is guilty of numerous violations of law and human rights and continues to serve the Communist party, not the people.

But at least now it gives investment tips.

Nothing Sacred

Stolitsa doesn't stop with the KGB. The double issue, not only timed to coincide with April Fool's Day but also published close to the 121st anniversary of Lenin's birth, features a "photo comic strip" entitled "The New Adventures of Mr. Lenin in the Land of the Bolsheviks" (a spoof on the title of an old propaganda piece about a fat American capitalist's trip to the Soviet Union). The strip matches photographs of a near-perfect Lenin lookalike with quotations from the great leader's voluminous works. In one of them, he shows the reader a *kukish*, a fist with the thumb sticking out between the index and middle fingers—a classic Russian "up yours" gesture—

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with the caption reading, "This is the essence. This is the source of our strength and the token of the inevitable, full victory of Communism." And this is sponsored by the same Mossoviet—Moscow City Council—that, out of sheer habit, retains its No. 1 mandate for Vladimir Ulyanov Lenin (see *TAS*, November 1990).

Meanwhile, on June 12—the same day that citizens of the Russian republic elected their own president—residents of Leningrad voted to change the name of their city back to St. Petersburg (which it was called prior to 1914, when Germany became an adversary and the German-sounding name of the then-capital of Russia was Russified to Petrograd). The name change, pushed by the city council's current radical leadership, had already ruffled some feathers, particularly at the editorial offices of *Pravda*. A "Viewpoint" article by one Gennady Seleznev (May 14), "Let Us Defend Leningrad," argued that the name change would be an insult to "war and labor veterans and siege survivors," who are having a rough time as it is: "They are no longer honored, deprived of basic privileges and aid, ignored and constantly humiliated . . . by heart attack-threatening revelations about the uselessness of their heroism in the defense of Leningrad and the senselessness of the October Revolution itself." The wartime defenders of Leningrad, Seleznev exclaims, fought for the city of Lenin, not for St. Petersburg (and certainly not for anything as puny as their lives). A referendum on renaming the city is unspeakably cruel to "the people whose hearts break from the sheer thought of such a sacrilege to the memory of the fallen."

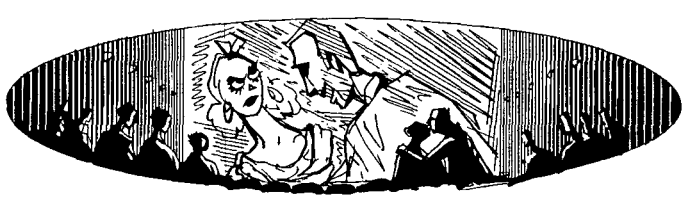
All right, O cruel Lensoviet, says Seleznev, if you are still planning to go ahead with your unholy referendum, issue not just one ballot per person but one for each man or woman who died in the siege and defense of Leningrad. Now there's a creative idea: voting ballots for the dead (it worked in Chicago, didn't it?). Chesterton did speak of tradition as the democracy of the dead, though I doubt he meant anything quite so literal. But why restrict the application of this great principle to the Leningrad/St. Petersburg referendum? How about the presidential elections, too? The dead, after all, tend to be reliable fellows who vote exactly the way the party wants them to vote, something that can no longer be expected from the fickle living.

Two weeks later, *Pravda* explained to its readers that the adoption of the name "Leningrad" after Lenin's death in 1924 was not, as certain slanderers claim, a dictatorial imposition by the Bolsheviks but a perfectly legitimate response to the will of "workers, peasants, Red Army men, and young people." The same ones, perhaps, who clamored in 1982 that the town of Naberezhnye Chelny be renamed Brezhnev, then had second thoughts six years later and demanded the town's original name back.

An unexpected contribution to the Leningrad-vs.-St. Petersburg debate came from Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, who submitted an appeal to "residents of the City on the Neva river" to the TASS bureau in New York (TASS, May 29). "I have heard," writes Solzhenitsyn, "that your city is preparing for a referendum on restoring the name of St. Petersburg. . . . I, too, would like to cast my vote and persuade you that this name should not be restored. It was imposed in the eighteenth century in violation of the Russian language and Russian consciousness." Petrograd, he goes on to say, is the right name if the city is to be named after Peter the Great; if, as was the Czar's original intention, it is to be named after St. Peter, the proper Russian name is "Sviato-Petrograd," Russian for St. Peter City.

Shouldn't Peter the Great get a ballot, too? □

THE TALKIES



THE BANALITY OF '90s EVIL

by James Bowman

Recently, *Time* magazine asked its readers "Does Evil Exist?" The question should have been: Can ace scribbler Lance Morrow essay some 3,500 elegant and not too hollowly reverberant words on the subject without ever distinguishing between evil and suffering? Morrow himself suffers from moral illiteracy, and his piece is a credit to God's mercy towards the afflicted. His question arrests the attention, even though, as some philosopher or other has observed, its answer is never to be found in *Time*. Of course, that has not stopped a search for it by wiser men than Lance Morrow—to wit, a bunch of movie screenwriters and directors.

Near the beginning of Chris Columbus's *Only the Lonely*, for example, John Candy and James Belushi are transporting in the back of their police van a villain who has strangled some old ladies for their Social Security money. Candy says he has read somewhere that people do such things because of a "chemical imbalance," which Belushi likens to a "vitamin deficiency." They resolve to take a vitamin supplement. There is a complex irony here, for Candy himself lives a life dominated by an old lady: his mother (played in the comeback performance of the year by Maureen O'Hara),

whose moral and psychological strangling of him with the bonds of guilt includes encouraging him to eat unhealthily so that he will be unattractive to women. Here it is the stranglee who has the vitamin deficiency.

That is about as subtle as this film gets. In fact, that is notably more subtle than this film gets. The terror of the gentle giant Candy that his mother will have some gruesome accident because he has been insufficiently attentive to her is illustrated in tedious fantasy sequences that, I think, are supposed to be funny. And, on mother's side, the wickedly selfish and manipulative behavior is really only skin-deep. It is as if it *were* due to vitamin deficiency. She never tries *very* hard to destroy his romance with an undertaker's daughter (Ally Sheedy), and in the end she relents and lets the boy (age 38) go to his lovely mortician, who is supposed to be plain and shy but is neither.

Ah, Hollywood! *Only the Lonely* has some lovely moments, but it dissipates its emotional energies in too many breakups and reconciliations. (More than one is too many.) Above all, it doesn't allow us to take the mother seriously. Here, if evil is not caused by vitamin deficiency it is a no less temporary infirmity and as easily remedied. In fact, it seems to be little more than a subspecies of insensitivity. Mother Muldoon is given to offending the non-Irish by calling them dagoes or polacks and has to be severely scolded by a (Polish) priest with a reminder that this is the *nineteen* nineties. Her eventual acceptance of a half-Sicilian, half-Polish daughter-in-law proceeds *pari passu* with her increasing tolerance for the romantic attentions towards herself of a Greek (Anthony Quinn, doing another of his Zorba impressions).

The progressive belief that morality is a function of chronology is one way to make immorality easier to account for. In the same way, in *City Slickers*, Billy Crystal confronts a couple of thugs who are sexually harassing a young woman by saying, "C'mon guys, this is not nineties behavior, I gotta be honest with you." Presumably that is the full extent to which a gentleman is now permitted to assist a lady in distress, even in the Wild West. At least Crystal realizes that this is a joke. I think.

For a central premise of the film is that such yuppie-talk is superficial. Beneath the patina of sophistication imparted by post-industrial urban life there still exists a more authentic, elemental world in the context of which the very

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idea of "nineties behavior" looks rather silly. Unfortunately, it is another central premise of the film that this more genuine world can be trolled for its catch of wisdom during a two-week vacation, after which yuppie heaven will be just the same, only better. Three friends from New York (Crystal, Daniel Stern, and Bruno Kirby), all suffering from some sort of mid-life crisis, go on a cattle drive from New Mexico to Colorado and, with even more ease than Maureen O'Hara is cured of her prejudices, find themselves.

It doesn't do to be too disapproving of Hollywood's sentimentalism and easy moral uplift. If you are you will never enjoy going to the movies. And this one is more enjoyable than most. It is clever, has a lot of good jokes, and is relatively unpretentious. When the three pals have triumphed over adversity and brought the herd in all by themselves, they deliberately subvert that *Rocky* moment by riding in to the tune of "Bonanza." Even they know that they are still only playing at being cowboys. I just wish they could have got through their adventure without the help of a cute baby calf called Norman, rescued by Crystal from his condign destiny as veal steak.

Evil here, in the form of a couple of drunken cowboys called Jeff and T. R., is only allowed a moment in which to appear genuinely threatening before it is reduced to the comic and simply disappears. Any more than that and the audience might not be quite so ready to believe that being closely in touch with the state of nature is a wholly beneficient and healing experience. But there is again, too, the more general problem of accounting for evil in the movies. Jeff and T. R. may be a little Neanderthal in some of their sexual attitudes, but it is really only the liquor that turns them nasty. And the nastiest of them all, deliciously played by Jack Palance, naturally turns out to have a heart of gold.

At least since Coleridge wrote of the "motiveless malignity" of Iago, novelists, playwrights, and screenwriters have had to work very hard to make evil believable—or at least dramatically acceptable. The problem never worried earlier writers much, though Shakespeare took more trouble than most to account psychologically for the evil that his audience seems to have been ready to accept as a given. And in pictures these days, anything between the psychopathology of Hannibal Lecter in *The Silence of the Lambs* and something as convenient as the liquor or vitamin deficiency theories seems not to play very well.

The latest scion of the psychopathic stock is Ron, the retired pyromaniac played by Donald Sutherland in Ron Howard's *Backdraft*, which is worth seeing for the special effects but whose plot is incomprehensible and whose characters are one-dimensional. There even seems to be a sort of protocol now to the representation of such characters, since Ron, like Hannibal Lecter, requires a young investigator to divulge deeply held private feelings in return for his helping to solve a crime. The reason for this is that, paradoxically, it allows us to see wicked people as people: once you discount their mental abnormalities, which live within them like the devils they were once thought to be, you can give them a little character on top. Too little in this case.

Bad guys who are not psychos tend to be ciphers, mere fodder for the portable cannons of Clint Eastwood or Arnold Schwarzenegger. To see one from the inside, as we see Iago and Edmund and Macbeth, is something that we are almost never allowed. Martin Scorsese in *GoodFellas* came close, but he was really working a different tradition: that of evil as comic. What a laugh the guys all got out of whacking people. Popular entertainment, in fact, has a long history of coping with its anxieties and taboos in this way. The devil in the medieval mystery plays was always a comic figure. So it is appropriate that the medieval costume drama of *Robin Hood, Prince of Thieves*, should make a comic caricature like Jack Nicholson's Joker in *Batman* of Alan Rickman's Sheriff of Nottingham.

Unfortunately, Rickman's performance is the only good thing about the film. As might have been expected when they put Kevin Costner in the title role, this is a New Age Robin Hood who has the right ideas not only about the redistribution of wealth but also about women's rights and racial and religious prejudice. It aspires to be a Spielbergian action picture, but the accumulated implausibilities of *both* the incredible escapes and feats of derring-do *and* a gang of medieval hippies defeating a merely clownish evil by grooving on peace and love are too much for it. It collapses under the weight of its own lack of verisimilitude.

Spike Lee's *Jungle Fever* takes a less facile view of the evil of bigotry, but bigotry is here, too, most of what is meant by evil. Just as *Only the Lonely* uses it to give manipulative behavior a whiff of brimstone, so *Jungle Fever* attaches it to a story of drug-inspired evil and invites us to decide which is worse. As it turns out, the two halves of the film do not fit together well at all. The interracial romance between Wesley Snipes and Anabelle Sciorra is connected with the drug addiction (and consequent lying and thieving) of Snipes's brother (Samuel L. Jackson) only by the fact that their stiff-necked religious parents (Ossie Davis and Ruby Dee) violently disapprove of both.

No more than Maureen O'Hara are *they* nineties people, but here it is the older generation that has the last word. Love does not conquer all, and the crackhead comes to a bad end. It's just like the old folks always said it would be; and an odd sort of respect accrues to Davis, the religious nutbar who shoots his own son, because he is the person in the midst of a moral chaos whose sure sense of the opposition between good and evil allows him to be uncompromising.

Something similar is at work in our film of the month, Etienne Chatiliez's *Tatie Danielle*, which is one of those movies (and what a lot of them there are) that only the French could have made. Here, as in *Only the Lonely*, the evil presence is that of a viciously manipulative old lady, beautifully portrayed by Tsila Chelton. But here it is not so easily wished away; here it is the real thing. The old woman's hard-edged clarity of purpose in obtaining absolute dominance over those around her by exaggerating her own infirmities never wavers and shows her to advantage against the background of the soppy niceness of her family, who have taken her in.

Like Milton's Satan, she dominates our disapproval as well; she commands our admiration in spite of ourselves. One of the film's most memorable moments comes when the nice, respectable family sit in conference assembled and it suddenly dawns on them, with a mixture of shame and incredulity, that *elle est méchante*—she is nasty. The very word, which is often used of children or animals, suggests a cringing, mealy-mouthed way of characterizing unspeakable behavior and reinforces our sense of the pathetic limitation of the family's moral vision. Only the redoubtable Sandrine (Isabelle Nanty), whom they hire to look after her when they go on vacation, refuses to be manipulated and so excites not only respect but something like love in a lonely old woman's granite-hard heart.

Evil is comic here too, but not by way of self-conscious caricature, as in *Robin Hood* and *Batman*, or the exoticism of the mob ethos, as in *GoodFellas*. Chatiliez manages to make it both real-looking and familiar, not safe and comfortable for us by an accompaniment of cacklings from an obvious stage villain like the Sheriff of Nottingham, who at one point orders that Christmas be cancelled. One of the funniest scenes I have seen at the movies in a long time is when Tatie Danielle and Sandrine abandon the family's beloved 14-year-old cocker spaniel in a Parisian park. You cannot watch that and not know both that evil exists and that it lives very intimately among us. □

CORRESPONDENCE

(continued from page 7)

judging me by mine. Others may have charged Patrick Buchanan with anti-Semitism; I certainly did not. In the course of a 3,000-word article I made one passing reference to Buchanan's practice of baiting Jewish sensibilities. That's it. What motives lie behind this practice I cannot, and did not, say. Novak's lengthy refutation of a non-existent allegation of anti-Semitism risks leaving in readers' minds the impression that he believes the true animus behind any criticism of Buchanan, whatever its actual content, must be Jewish paranoia.

Only casually does Novak address the critique of Buchanan that this magazine in fact printed: Buchanan, Novak insists, is "an eloquent and effective spokesman for mainstream conservative causes." That he is. He is also, as Novak acknowledges, an eloquent and effective spokesman for wrongheaded conservative causes, like protectionism.

My article was an intervention in a quarrel Buchanan started. Buchanan published two columns this spring that attempted to read out of conservatism the "neoconservatives," whom he condemned for their devotion to "Big Government, minority rights and globalism."

In reply, I pointed out two things: First, Buchanan himself is very far from being a consistent advocate of Small Government. The trade and foreign investment controls that Buchanan favors are the deadliest form of statism. Nor do I remember hearing him complain about the Bush Administration's "war on drugs" and its curbs on financial privacy. Second, if we take Buchanan's definitions of conservatism seriously, we have to anathematize not just the *Commentary* editorial board, but also virtually every contemporary conservative of any note.

Yes, arguments about how much government is tolerable and how interventionist American foreign policy ought to be are vital to defining a convincing post-Reagan conservatism. Many of the "neoconservatives" I suspect Buchanan has in mind—with his habitual prudence when dealing with powerful people, he does not name names—are indeed excessively partial to Big Government. By all means, let's thrash that issue out. But Buchanan's distinction between true conservatives, who must be isolationist and protectionist "America Firsters," and bad globalist neoconservatives is not just intellectually incoherent. If acted upon, it would bring into being a conservatism that could not govern and would not deserve to.

(Additional letters on Mr. Frum's article will appear in next month's issue—Ed.)

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THE BEAUTY MYTH: HOW IMAGES OF BEAUTY ARE USED AGAINST WOMEN

Naomi Wolf/William Morrow/348 pp. $21.95

Maurice Cranston

The Beauty Myth has already caused something of a stir in England and, being English, I think I can understand why. The argument is outrageous, and it is written in a wild and witty way by a glamorous American graduate student, aged 28, who is at Oxford on a "Rhodes scholarship"—that is, with a fellowship endowed by the racist imperialist Cecil Rhodes, although her own views are those of the most radical-feminist left. Like Cecil Rhodes, however, Miss Wolf is rather a bully, and the people she is out to bully are the millions of American women who try to make themselves look pretty. She wants them to stop it.

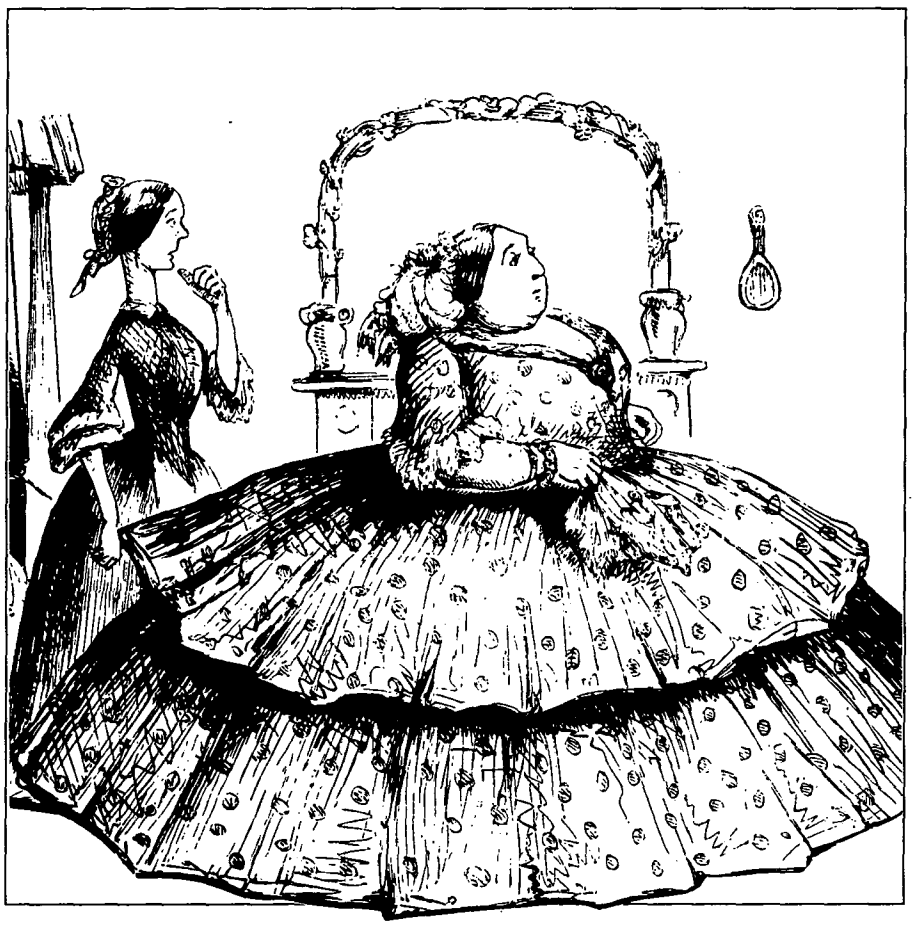
Miss Wolf's argument is that the male tyrants who rule America are conspiring to frustrate the liberation of women by imposing standards of beauty as conditions of equal acceptance in professional and social life. American women, she maintains, have absorbed and internalized these standards so completely that vast numbers of them have taken to starving themselves in order to be thin, submitting their breasts and hips to the knives of cosmetic surgeons, paying out fortunes for phony weight-loss formulae and sojourns at fat farms, and pumping iron daily, in obedience to such martinets as the exercise "guru" Jane Fonda, as Miss Wolf calls her—for even fellow female radicals get no mercy in these pages if they subscribe to the "beauty myth."

Miss Wolf goes on to argue that, since their superhuman efforts to attain the standard of beauty imposed by the male conspirators are seldom successful, American women today are depressed and displeased with themselves, and so bend humbly to the "anti-feminist backlash of the 1990s." The "beauty myth," she suggests, is perpetuated by women's magazines, the cinema, television, and advertising to such effect that women not only want to look the way men think they ought to look, but start to hate themselves if they don't.

In a sense, Miss Wolf is entirely justified in saying that beauty is overrated. Montesquieu married a very plain wife and urged others to do the same on the grounds that a beautiful wife is more likely to be unfaithful and is almost certain to have been spoiled by a doting father. Looking at photographs of upper-class weddings down through the years, one notices that, however pretty the bridesmaids, the bride is seldom a beauty. And ugliness need not be a handicap even in the higher walks of life. The greatest achievers I can claim to have met among American women—Eleanor Roosevelt, Gertrude Stein, and Hannah Arendt—were all rather ugly, although, of course, extremely charming as well.

On the other hand, it is absolutely natural for a woman to want not to be ugly. Only a woman who is herself very pretty—as Miss Wolf, on the evidence of her publicity photographs, clearly is—could write a book like this one, expressing scorn for the efforts of plain women to improve their looks. Vanity is imposed not by the male conspirators who rule the world, but by nature itself. A woman looking into her mirror every day must see an image that pleases her before she can think of pleasing others. If she observes a nose like Jimmy Durante's, she is bound to wish it looked instead like that of Mme. de Pompadour, and if she hears of a cosmetic surgeon who could bring about that transformation for her, it is only natural that she should seek his services. She would make herself happier by doing so, and make herself a more attractive item in the furniture of the world.

One of the pleasures for the foreign visitor to the United States has long been the company of well-groomed, well-dressed, attractive women, many of them looking ten years younger than their age. Recently this pleasing scene has been marred by a sizable minority with weight problems—not Miss Wolf's anorexic and bulimic women, but fat ones. Female obesity is obviously a national problem, which European doctors ascribe to the stress and bad eating habits that have resulted from the decline of traditional family life in America. Miss Wolf will hear none of this. She quotes a 1985 survey in which 90 percent of American women said they thought they weighed too much, but says this is evidence they had been brainwashed—not that they actually did weigh too much.



What is wrong in America, Miss Wolf protests, is not that so many women are fat, but that so many are on diets—25 percent are on one and 50 percent are either finishing, breaking, or starting one. Female fat, she asserts categorically, is not unhealthy: "Where poor health is correlated to fatness in women, it is due to chronic dieting and the emotional stress of self-hatred." The male tyranny wants to keep women hungry, since "hunger makes women feel poor and think poor," and so remain docile. "A cultural fixation with female thinness is not an obsession with female beauty but an obsession with female obedience."

One is not easily persuaded, however, that our Rhodes scholar is wholly reliable on scientific matters, and her statistics are sometimes bizarre. She would have us believe, for example, that up to 44 percent of women in San Francisco have "suffered rape or attempted rape," that "date rape" is "more common than left-handedness, alcoholism and heart attacks," and that "100 million young girls worldwide are being raped by adult men—usually their fathers—often day after day, week after week, year in, year out." It is hard to imagine how such figures could have been gathered, especially as Miss Wolf tells us that "women who are raped by men they know don't even identify their experience as rape."

No one can deny that American women today have a hard time of it, one way or another. Ironically, it is the radical feminists who express such solicitude for them who are responsible for much of the trouble. For example, Miss Wolf points out that women "work harder than men," and for once gives sound statistical evidence to show that the working week of American women is twenty-one hours longer than that of men. Why is this so? Plainly because feminist propaganda has propelled women out of the home to add a man's

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working week to the inescapable duties of a wife and mother. The situation is especially bad in America, because American men do not take their jobs easily, as British and Australian men do—they work hard, and keeping up with them clearly takes a grim toll on the energies of American women.

And it is true that women are among the victims of the violence that is so lamentably rampant in modern civilization, but Miss Wolf simply adds to the climate of fear. She raises "rape-awareness" to such a fevered pitch that young female readers will close the book terrified of dating their classmates. Miss Wolf cites surveys of undergraduate males in which 61.7 percent say it would be exciting to use force to subdue a woman, 91.3 say they like to dominate a woman, and 30 percent say they would commit rape if they could get away with it. In other words, male undergraduates are dangerous animals. No wonder so many all-American boys nowadays prefer to go out with Chinese, Korean, Filipina, and other foreign girls, who are still sweet and serene and not tensed up with fear of "date rape" from reading books like this one.

Although Miss Wolf's attack is on "the male gender" in general, she singles out cosmetic surgeons as being particularly sadistic and rapacious. She fails, however, to acknowledge that it is feminist reforms that have provided the opportunity and the market for plastic surgeons. For it was feminists, as Miss Wolf notes with satisfaction, who liberated the bodies of American women by persuading them to stop wearing girdles. Yet it was the wearing of just such corsetry which for generations had enabled a woman to mold her silhouette to the shape she chose, to present herself to the world in whatever slender or curvaceous form her fancy took. But, once compelled by her liberators to put on unisex underwear, bike shorts, and other unflattering garments, a woman could only achieve the shape she wanted by getting a cosmetic surgeon to work on the body itself.

Miss Wolf looks forward to what she calls a "pro-woman redefinition of beauty," but she does not tell us what that might be. She simply instructs her female readers to let themselves go, to be "greedy," to "eat, to be sexual, to age," to allow their bodies to "wax and wane," to "cover up or go practically naked, to do whatever we choose in following—or ignoring—our own aesthetic." All very well for the svelte and sensuous Miss Wolfs of the world, most women will reply. They are already following their own aesthetic, which is precisely that of the "beauty myth" Miss Wolf derides. Her alternative proposal will seem to them as alien as that of the late-nineteenth-century *Naturphilosophen*, who unlaced their flabby torsos to cavort on the shores of the Baltic, secure in the syllogism that, since they were part of nature and all nature was beautiful, they too must be beautiful—despite the evidence of the photographs. Unfortunately for Miss Wolf, the modern American woman does not have that old-fashioned German aptitude for metaphysics. □

NOTHING TO DECLARE: A MEMOIR

Taki/Atlantic Monthly Press/216 pp. $19.95

Brock Yates

On a crisp spring morning several years ago, a friend was driving me through South London aboard an ancient Aston Martin Ulster when he yanked his hand away from the juddering steering wheel and pointed at an ominous brick fortress on the right. "Pentonville Prison!" he yelled over the assorted groans and whines issuing from the old crock. "Taki was in there."

Of course! Taki, the famed patrician diarist for the London *Spectator*. I was familiar with the incarceration of Yank actor Stacy Keach, who in 1984 had been tossed in Reading Gaol for nine months after attempting to ease through Heathrow customs with a stash of cocaine hidden in a shaving cream tube. But Taki's imprisonment for the same offense in the same year had slipped my mind, in the main because he was more famous in England and on the continent than in the USA, and because when it happened I had dismissed him as just another rich twit who had gotten what he deserved for dabbling with a dangerous and thoroughly anti-social chemical.

I had known his brother, Harry Theodoracopulos, in the 1970s when he ran the American office of the family's vast shipping empire. (Do all rich Greeks own ships, while their poorer countrymen only run restaurants?) Bro. Harry, then an amateur sports car racer and the owner of Connecticut's Lime Rock Park race course, was clearly the more placid of the two, and has been written off as a bit of a stiff by his more pyrotechnic sibling.

Mutual friends had described Taki as a witty wastrel with an Olympian tolerance for wine and women; surely he couldn't be all bad. His *Spectator* column was an odyssey of ramblings between Athens and Gstaad, London and New York, punctuated by drunken flings with brittle, over-sexed women and all-nighters with idle aristocrats and titans of industry and literature. He chronicled the flashy legions of mountebanks, philistines, and barbarians who, he charged, were giving civilized debauchery a bad name.

Brock Yates is the author of the new book Enzo Ferrari: The Man, The Cars, The Races *(Doubleday).*

But to judge from *Nothing to Declare*, his unblinkingly candid recollection of his three months inside the medieval precincts of Pentonville, Taki is far from your standard-issue jet-setter. Described on occasion as a "terrorist among the rich," he has gained a reputation for riddling poseurs with high-velocity verbal ordinances (while of course taking a few incoming rounds of his own). His *Spectator* columns elevate social commentary (and we mean *social* in the most elegant and exclusive context) to a level infinitely more cerebral than the sycophantic gossip-mongering that litters the pages of many popular journals. Taki's jaundiced eye and acid prose are aimed at the bozos and status slaves who pollute the upper classes and degrade the "High Life."

While my own origins are unspeakably more plebeian than Taki's, his journalistic efforts have been of considerable interest to me owing to a shirt-tail ancestor of mine and friend to Dickens named Edmund Hodgson Yates. In the 1850s, Yates wrote a column for the London *Illustrated Times* called "The Lounger at the Clubs," and it was Yates who first reported such heady matters in the first person singular, which Taki today employs with notable élan and candor. And Yates was a troublemaker. In 1858 he was expelled from the Garrick Club for insulting fellow member William Makepeace Thackeray, much as Taki was heaved from Gstaad's Eagle Club for assaulting the preposterous Aga Khan with a custard pie. Better yet, Yates was in the vanguard of literary prisoners, having spent seven weeks of 1885 in the Holloway Gaol for libeling Lord Lonsdale.

Interwoven with Taki's account of his nightmarish life inside Pentonville is the informal autobiography of a rich Greek who was fitfully educated in American prep schools, dabbled in international tournament tennis, then gained a legitimate reputation as a war correspondent and columnist. Taki's adventures with the late Sean Flynn, Errol's bairn, who was murdered at a remote outpost in Cambodia (while tripping on LSD, according to Taki), and the actress Linda Christian (for whom he hocked the family silverware and was exiled to one of his Papa's factories in darkest Sudan for two years) are the height of sophisticated nonsense. His childhood under the Nazi heel in Athens is hardly as amusing, nor is the story of his fumbling attempts to get closer to his imperious father. Beyond the zaniness and glitter of the High Life, Taki reveals himself as yet another perfectly ordinary man seeking credibility and approval.

But the heart and soul of Taki's memoir is Pentonville, a world of obscene filth and cynicism, a dingy Hell populated by evil, self-serving, unrepentant inmates and case-hardened prison guards vilified as "screws." Once he became inured to the omnipresent reek of human excreta and the suffocating confines of his seven-by-thirteen cell, Taki's vivid powers of observation took root. He managed to keep a journal—*streng verboten*—between the lines of his copy of Paul Johnson's *Modern Times*.

Despite the whining of liberals that prisoners are for the most part pathetic victims who flunked toilet training or were denied bedtime stories, Taki discovered a mob of miscreants operating on a moral plane below that of normal society:

> What have I learned about my fellow inmates? First, that prisoners are exceedingly quick to take offence. Second, that their chief characteristic is their irresponsibility and their propensity for violence. Also, to expect their abrupt shows of personality, born of their longing to *be somebody*, which only leads them to try to assert their individuality by being aggressive to other cons. And, of course, I've also learned about the prisoner's bitterness toward society.
>
> No rehabilitation happens in jail. Just containment. We live, unfortunately, in the era of the excuse. There is always somebody in authority ready to rush in and explain why a crime was perpetrated. For those in authority, and inmates as well, can never admit that a crime is ever committed because someone is bad, greedy or malicious. Criminals commit crimes because they are misguided, disturbed or unhappy. This is what you hear on the rare occasions when prisoners admit that a crime took place. Most of the time they do not. I would guess that more than eighty percent of the inmates think they were framed by the police.
>
> I can offer no magic solutions for this sorry state of affairs and how to improve it, not even after one month of first-hand experience, but what does seem clear to me is that we need to search for both the culprits and the motives. The combination of urban decay, squalor, boredom and grinding poverty makes for crime. Most of my friendships in this place are with people who wanted to be somebodies but are too weak to really try.

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Taki's prison friendships—most of them, interestingly, with blacks—did little to dissuade him from his feeling that criminals are endemically deluded individuals with no sense of guilt. He ruminates over this human failing throughout:

> I was imprisoned for too short a period to really qualify as a con, but the few times I have given my views in public, the so-called experts took offence. They disliked my opinions, even disparaged them. To put it succinctly, my view was, and still remains, that the liberal experiment of throwing restraints to the wind, of blaming society for the crimes committed by habitual criminals, of coddling perpetrators, resulted in an even bigger failure than Communism.

Taki proposes that penal colonies may be the best solutions for career bad guys. "If people wish to live in a brutal and lawless climate, why must the taxpayers bear the brunt?" he asks. "Penal colonies are run by the inmates themselves. They are self-sufficient. And they serve the purpose of allowing violent people to build a society in their own image." As for less violent scoundrels: "Take away every penny from them, I say! Then see how many white-collar criminals remain."

Nothing to Declare is, in the end, the chronicle of a man born to wealth and privilege, by his own admission spoiled and dilettantish, who is brought to earth by his own profligacy and arrogance. But there is no whining here, no sophistry or phony orchestration. While Taki's short course in criminology is incomplete at best, one is reminded once again that reality is the midnight mugger of rosy intentions. Bad people exist and, as Taki discovered, most of them end up behind bars. □

MUHAMMAD ALI: HIS LIFE AND TIMES

Thomas Hauser/Simon and Schuster/544 pp. $24.95

Joe Queenan

At first glance, Thomas Hauser's *Muhammad Ali: His Life and Times* has all the earmarks of a very bad book. After thirty years of fights, press conferences, and extravagant public relations stunts by Ali himself, not to mention the scores of books, films, television programs, plays, and documentaries dealing with one of the most famous and least timid men on Earth, the reader may feel that he has a legitimate quarrel with Hauser's assertion that "the true Ali is largely unknown." The fact that the book was written with Ali's cooperation provides further cause for trepidation: it is hard to imagine any written documents that are consistently less informative or truthful than books about jocks that have been written with the full cooperation of those same jocks. One is further dismayed by the knowledge that the book includes musings by such intellectual flyweights as Bryant Gumbel and James Michener, such roving weirdos as Ramsey Clark, and such pugilistically irrelevant observers as Hank Aaron, Jimmy Carter, Julian Bond, and Kris Kristofferson. And yet, all this notwithstanding, *Muhammad Ali* is actually worth reading.

It is worth reading because the indefatigable Hauser, a New York lawyer with fourteen books under his belt, spent a couple of years tracking down just about everyone who played a significant part in Ali's life, and because just about all of these people had something interesting, touching, or hilarious to say about Ali. What's more, the most interesting, touching, or hilarious remarks are by and large made by the men who actually got into the ring with the greatest fighter since Joe Louis, and arguably the greatest boxer of all time. The reader who can wade through the extraneous ramblings of the Wilfrid Sheeds and Sylvester Stallones, concentrating instead on the comments of George Foreman, Joe Frazier, Ken Norton, Floyd Patterson, Ernie Shavers, and all the other headbangers who once, twice, or thrice climbed into the ring with this guy, is in for a real treat.

The book has a conventional chronological structure, with the author punctuating his own highly adulatory account of Ali's life with hundreds of comments from fighters, cornermen, promoters, managers, journalists, wives (four and counting), public nuisances like Howard Cosell, and Ali himself. Other critics have faulted the book for its loose editing, but I do not agree; with the exception of the final fifty pages, when the book gets a bit misty-eyed, Hauser has done an excellent job. Whether the speaker is trainer Angelo Dundee discussing the loose ropes in Zaire or a physician from UCLA examining whether Ali has Parkinson's syndrome or is merely punch-drunk, the book is fascinating from start to finish, one of the few books I have reviewed in the past couple of years that does not seem like a couple of magazine articles padded out to manuscript length.

The book is not for the squeamish, however. On page 164, Ali's 1967 victim Ernie Terrell charges that Ali pushed his eye down into the socket, breaking the bone and giving Terrell double vision for the rest of the fight. On page 252, we get to the first Ken Norton bout, when an out-of-shape Ali went the distance while shielding a jaw that had been broken in half during the second round. On page 275 comes the description of the awesome punishment Ali subjected himself to in his 1974 victory over then-champion George Foreman, when he allowed the hardest puncher of the past quarter-century to wear himself out pummeling the Great One's body. Finally, on page 325 there is the spectacle of the ruined Joe Frazier, with both eyes firmly closed, hauling himself out of a hospital bed after the 1974 Thrilla in Manila to attend a "victory party" given by his own entourage, and even belting out a few numbers with the band. Aficionados of the manly art will notice that chumps like Gerry Cooney and Jean-Pierre Coopman ("The Lion of Flanders") do not figure anywhere in the paragraph I have just written. This is a Champions-Only Paragraph.

On the lighter side is an anecdote by Ali's physician Ferdie ("The Fight Doctor") Pacheco regarding cornerman Bundini Brown, who unwisely showed up just before the Foreman fight in Zaire in the company of a white showgirl. As Pacheco remembers it, "This was supposed to be an all-black show: a black promoter, two black champions, a black country, the height of black consciousness," so Brown's gaffe was enormous. Brown bailed out by persuading the woman to wear a headband and try to pass herself off as an Indian.

There is also a wonderful story about the young Ali suckering *Life* magazine into doing a photo-essay about his rigorous daily underwater training regimen; Ali, it turns out, could not swim, and rarely went anywhere near the water. Another delightful passage records the outrage of the Mobutu government when Ali warned Foreman that when he got to Zaire he would be put in a pot and eaten. The Zairean foreign minister called Ali's manager to remind the fighter that cannibalism was not practiced in that fine country, and that "Mr. Ali's remarks were damaging our image." Muhammad, Muhammad.

My favorite passage concerns Chuck Wepner, the stumblebum Heavyweight Champion of New Jersey who served as the inspiration for Sylvester Stallone's moronic, subliminally racist *Rocky* films. Before being knocked silly by Ali in a dreary 1975 fight, Wepner had given his wife a blue negligee with instructions to wear it the evening of the fight because "after the fight, you'll be sleeping with the heavyweight champion of the world." After taking twenty-three stitches in his face, which hadn't really looked all that good *before* the fight, Wepner got back to his hotel room to find his wife in bed, wearing the negligee. Her remark: "Okay, bigshot. Do I go to the champ's room, or does he come to me?" Hauser does not report how many stitches *she* took.

Hauser lets Ali off easy on such subjects as marital infidelity (boys will be boys), and his embrace of the sinister Elijah Muhammad (who kept Malcolm X away from Ali's camp before the first Liston fight; he assumed Liston would destroy the young Cassius Clay, and didn't want his Nation of Islam associated with a loser). Hauser treats Ali's refusal to fight in Vietnam the way History has treated it: Ali told everyone to go to hell, and paid the price, forgoing the best years of his fighting life. Hauser reconciles none of the contradictions inherent in being a pacifist heavyweight champion of the world, exonerates Ali of any involvement in the scads of cruddy financial scams that have been engineered by shysters capitalizing on his name, and tiptoes past Ali's ludicrous visit with Saddam Hussein last fall. By and large, he feels that Ali can do whatever he wants, because he is larger than life. Unfortunately, so is Don King.

The most striking thing about Hauser's book is the ceaseless outpouring of affection for the now apparently brain-damaged Ali by the great fighters he taunted, reviled, and humiliated outside the ring before taunting, reviling, and humiliating them inside it. With the exception of Frazier, who still seems genuinely to dislike Ali, his contemporaries tend to feel that it was an honor just to step into the ring with him—even when, like Ken Norton or Jimmy Young, they were probably cheated of victories by the judges. And most of them seem to feel that, despite the retired champion's terrible condition today, as he turns 50, Ali has had a nice sojourn on the planet. When asked about Ali, Leon Spinks, no stranger to speech difficulties and aberrant behavior himself, says: "What for should I feel sorry for Ali? Don't you hear what I've been saying? The man's still living; the man's still eating; he's making money; there's a roof over his head. And best of all, whatever happens, he'll always be Muhammad Ali." □

Joe Queenan writes for Barron's *and other publications.*

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INDIA: A MILLION MUTINIES NOW

V. S. Naipaul/Viking/521 pp. $24.95

Aram Bakshian, Jr.

Post-independence India is a more tempting subject for critics than for admirers—never more so than in the wake of recent violence and resurgent Hindu chauvinism. Her failures and contradictions, and the sheer humbug of many of India's political pretensions are glaring; her considerable economic, social, and intellectual achievements, and the enduring richness of India's many uneasily co-existing cultures are less obvious at first glance.

V. S. Naipaul, cosmopolitan man of letters by vocation, Trinidadian by birth, and Indian by descent, has written three books on his ancestral land, sometimes stressing its squalid, sometimes its solid sides. In *An Area of Darkness* and *India: A Wounded Civilization*, he emphasized the squalid. In *India: A Million Mutinies Now*, the solid wins out, albeit narrowly. This may be due as much to changes in the author as to changes in India.

At 59, and at the height of his fame if not of his powers, Naipaul is a very different person from the professionally obscure and emotionally insecure young writer who first set foot on the Subcontinent in 1962. Three decades after his maiden journey he seems more at home with his subjects and himself. He can also now afford to travel first class, and has easy entrée with the political, business, and cultural elites of India's big cities.

Perhaps too much so, since almost all of the Indians we meet in Naipaul's company are, by the standards of their country, privileged. Since 72 percent of India's 850 million people live in the countryside, and since 64 percent cannot even read, this is an introduction not so much to a nation as to a relatively small elite—one with few ties to an Indian majority which, if not silent, is at least cut off from the "modern" Indian economy, culture, and political life.

If *India: A Million Mutinies Now* is not a serious analysis of India, it *is* an engaging look at a number of interesting Indians. In form, it is a loosely strung-together series of interviews and impressions gathered over months of travel from the Tamil south to high Kashmir, a rambling *Decameron* of a book, insightful, entertaining, and only occasionally repetitious. While it barely scratches the surface of its subject, that is more than can be said of many a weightier, more pretentious volume.

In his desultory way, using his characters as vehicles, Naipaul touches on a few of the million mini-mutinies he perceives as permeating India. These include, among other things, Sikh and Muslim disaffection in the Punjab and Kashmir, anti-Brahmin bitterness in the South, the still unresolved plight of the "scheduled" *Harijans* (better known to American readers as Untouchables, and still treated as such by most other Indians), the ambiguous status of Indian women, and the pervasive corruption of the Congress party, which has dominated Indian political life in the forty-four years since independence.

One regrets that Naipaul, with his eye for telling detail and ear for revealing dialogue, has for the time being set aside novel writing; it has been four years since *The Enigma of Arrival*, and that was more of a fictionalized memoir than a full-blown novel. If he is still capable of work on the level of *A House for Mr. Biswas*, Naipaul could do a lot with some of the picaresque characters he has met in his travels in India and, a few years earlier, in Dixie (see his uneven but intelligently appreciative *A Turn in the South*).

Is V. S. Naipaul optimistic about India? Certainly, he is less *pessimistic* than in his two earlier works. He no longer sees India as a "wounded" or decayed civilization, rather as a teeming, seething nation in the making, troubled and turbulent, but vital. India is not yet quite a democratic nation; some might even argue that it is not yet quite a nation.

Poverty aside, many of India's most glaring problems are of human devising. Between 30,000 and 250,000 political prisoners were arbitrarily seized and held incommunicado during Mrs. Gandhi's 1975 State of Emergency; in just six months in 1976, two million people were sterilized, many if not most of them against their wishes. Incompetence, corruption, and caste, religious, linguistic, and regional animosities continue to undercut a shared sense of nationhood.

Even in normal times, legitimately elected state governments are routinely disbanded and subjected to "direct rule" from New Delhi at the slightest prime ministerial whim. For most of the years since the British granted Indian independence in 1947, the "world's largest democracy" has been ruled by three generations of a single dynasty, father Jawaharlal Nehru, daughter Indira Gandhi, and grandson Rajiv Gandhi.

Rajiv, presumably the last of a spent political line, was more sinned against than sinning, a sacrifice to his mother's dynastic arrogance and the opportunism of a Congress party leadership that used the Nehru-Gandhi dynasty as both the key to winning over an ignorant electorate and a protective shield behind which they could continue to play corrupt politics as usual.

Ironically, both mother and son were the victims of Indira's particularly nasty brand of divide-and-conquer politics. It was her government that initially gave covert support to both Sikh extremists in the Punjab and Tamil Tigers in Sri Lanka and Southern India, the groups responsible for their respective assassinations. As for Rajiv, having met him more than once, I cannot help but think of him as an amiably weak victim of others'—and mother's—ambitions.

Our first encounter took place in the early 1980s, during Indira's last term as prime minister. She was paying a state visit to Washington to deliver one of her periodic lectures on international etiquette. The day she was to speak at the National Press Club, her heir-apparent in tow, the Press Building was in the midst of a massive renovation. Rajiv's elevator got stuck, and the program had to be postponed until the *dauphin* could be rescued. On that occasion he emerged unscathed, smiling sheepishly. But I will always think of poor Rajiv as having ended his days still trapped in a political elevator of his mother's making.

There is little grounds for confidence in India's political future and yet, considering the pre-colonial history of the Subcontinent, it could be considerably worse. As Ved Mehta wrote in *The New India*:

> [India] had no tradition of parliamentary democracy, of general elections, of civil liberties. Even the tradition of "maintaining law and order" and the independent judiciary to insure it were not indigenous; before the British raj was established, in 1858, anarchy and despotism had been pervasive.

This is an embarrassment to many modern Indians, who would like to credit all of their country's virtues to an ancient, mythic past and blame all of their current ills on the relatively short span of British rule. Naipaul senses this without quite coming to grips with it. In a telling description of his feelings on reading the 1858-59 Indian diary of Sir William Russell, the quintessential Victorian war correspondent, he confesses:

> It is hard for an Indian not to feel humiliated by Russell's book. Part of the humiliation the Indian feels comes from the ambiguity of his response, his recognition that the Indian system that is being overthrown has come to the end of its possibilities, that its survival can lead only to more of what has gone before, that the India that will come into being at the end of the period of British rule will be better educated, more creative and full of possibility than the India of a century before; that it will have a larger idea of human association, and that out of this larger idea, and out of the encompassing humiliation of British rule, there will come to India the ideas of country and pride and historical self-analysis, things that seem impossibly remote from the India of Russell . . .

For all its faults, it was the relatively conscientious, humane British administration of India, and the exposure it gave educated Indians to concepts of Western jurisprudence, commerce, technology, representative government, and nationalism, that made an Indian nation possible. Given—to use one of Naipaul's favorite phrases—the still "raw" nerves of many Indian intellectuals, only a few of the wisest among them have been able to accept the British role in the genesis of modern India.

The man who has come closest is probably that magnificent if irascible Bengali autodidact and man of letters, Nirad C. Chaudhuri. Now in his nineties, he continues to write and enlighten. On the basis of insight as well as seniority, Mr. Chaudhuri deserves the last word on the subject. Taken from the dedication page of his *Autobiography of an Unknown Indian*, it could serve equally well as an acknowledgment of the source of many of modern India's finest qualities:

> TO THE MEMORY OF THE
> BRITISH EMPIRE IN INDIA
> WHICH CONFERRED SUBJECTHOOD
> ON US
> BUT WITHHELD CITIZENSHIP;
> TO WHICH YET
> EVERY ONE OF US THREW OUT THE
> CHALLENGE:
> 'CIVIS BRITANNICUS SUM'
> BECAUSE
> ALL THAT WAS GOOD AND LIVING
> WITHIN US
> WAS MADE, SHAPED, AND
> QUICKENED
> BY THE SAME BRITISH RULE □

Aram Bakshian, Jr. writes frequently on Indian history and literature. His chronicle of the former princely state of Hyderabad, "Shadow of Empire," was published in the January 1989 issue of History Today.

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MUSIC SOUNDED OUT
Alfred Brendel/Farrar, Straus & Giroux/258 pp. $25.00

MUSICAL THOUGHTS AND AFTERTHOUGHTS
Alfred Brendel/Farrar, Straus & Giroux/171 pp. $12.95 paper

R. J. Stove

During one fortnight in 1831, Liszt crammed between his four-to-five-hour keyboard practice sessions a deep study of Homer, Plato, Locke, Byron, Victor Hugo, Chateaubriand, Lamartine, and the Bible. Wanda Landowska once stayed—and held her own in conversation—with Tolstoy. Richard Tauber not only sang other people's operettas but also wrote his own. Paderewski's mind, famously, was broad-gauged enough to make its owner eventually Poland's prime minister. Even in our own time, a few musicians have bucked the commandment Thou Shalt Not Crack Open Any Non-Musical Publications. Glenn Gould, spectacularly, was one; Claudio Arrau was, until his death in June, another (it was said that you could always tell when Arrau had visited a city, because all the second-hand bookshops would be practically empty); and Alfred Brendel makes three.

Brendel is not a writer of coruscating genius, as Gould in his dotty way often was. But he is erudite in a sickeningly large number of languages and literatures. We now have, to our great profit, two reasonably priced and handsomely presented collections of Brendel's essays, some originally written in English, the rest excellently translated from the German. This is a pianist who can end a fascinating analysis of Beethoven's *Diabelli* Variations—which he has thrice recorded—with a haunting, wholly germane aphorism by Heinrich von Kleist: "When perception has passed through something infinite, gracefulness appears."

Given the gruesome extent to which music appreciation this century has consisted of simply swooning over Vienna—and never more blatantly, need one observe, than in this year's bicentennial of Mozart's death—one fears for the prospects of anybody who can write what Brendel writes about Vienna's unimportance as an aid to serious musical understanding:

> Vienna may be the right place for musicians to learn what a Strauss waltz is about. But it would be wishful thinking to claim that a Viennese Schubert tradition ever existed. . . . Today, Vienna offers no more clues about Schubert than any other city. The panorama from the Belvedere may have remained unchanged since Schubert's time, but do people still live in one-room apartments—as Schubert's family did—and give birth to their children in an alcove which also serves as the kitchen? Do adults still play blind-man's-bluff? Do manuscripts have to be submitted to the censor? Is the country governed by the secret police? . . . Even the Viennese assertion that "Vienna remains Vienna" is no more than a Viennese delusion.

The Austrian Tourist Bureau will not thank Brendel for so decisively pulling the plug, but even if he has overstated his case—there must, after all, have been *something* that ionized the city's musical atmosphere for a century and a half—he has in the process furnished an overdue corrective to complacency and muddled thought.

Since complacency and muddled thought are the *fons et origo* of the "authentic instruments" movement, and since Brendel clearly acknowledges the impossibility of twentieth-century minds thinking themselves into even as recent a culture as Schubert's, it is scarcely astonishing that Brendel blows several raspberries in the direction of the authentic-instruments ideology. Noting that "period orchestras" have lately improved to the extent that "they can even play in tune," Brendel also delivers himself in an interview of the following heterodoxies:

> I do not hesitate to underline dynamic contrast with octave doublings where it seems musically necessary. . . . And there is a special group of pieces of a prophetic kind, such as the remarkable [Bach] A minor 'Fantasy' . . . which seems to have been written for an instrument of the future in any case. As a harpsichord piece this Fantasy seems to me unsuccessful; as a piano piece it turns out to be quite marvelous.

Again, this runs so counter to prevailing notions of musical acceptability that, if reputations were measured actuarially, Brendel would be considered a hopeless risk; again, it disperses much conceptual fog.

There is no one who cannot benefit from studying what Brendel says about the noble Bach transcriptions by Liszt and Busoni, who are for Brendel nothing less than musical gods. Liszt's late piano works—gnomic, chilling, sometimes as close to total wackiness as Beethoven's final string quartets, and as hypnotic—owe their recent revivals to Brendel more than to anyone else. But Liszt's flashiest and (in bad performances) tawdriest early works, some of them titled "studies in transcendental execution," spur Brendel to an equally fierce verbal defense:

> It is a peculiarity of Liszt's music that it faithfully and fatally reflects the character of its interpreter. When his works give the impression of being hollow, superficial and pretentious, the fault lies usually with the performer, occasionally with the (prejudiced) listener, and only very rarely with Liszt himself. . . . It has become virtually obligatory to play Liszt as if he knew only one tempo indication: *prestissimo possibile*. The poor E flat major Concerto in particular has become the target of sporting ambitions. What is the present record—14 minutes' playing time? Or has it been bettered to 13?

Nothing in Brendel's analysis of Busoni is as tough and dramatic as this, possibly because Brendel himself realizes that in Busoni he has a far dicier customer, one whom it is harder to credit with greatness than with permanent interestingness (even if Brendel's colleague Wilhelm Kempff optimistically called Busoni "a kind of musical Leonardo"). Unless those Busoni pieces widely available on disc misrepresent their composer, Busoni's problem lies above all in the vast disparity between his formidable book-learning and his stunted creative power. As Dorothy Parker almost put it, "his brains went to his head." Although Brendel once wrote off Rachmaninoff as one of nature's Hollywood hacks, there is no shirking the conclusion that Rachmaninoff surpassed Busoni, through having cultivated a compositional voice unmistakably his own: Busoni's lifelong adoption of earlier composers' personae might well help him notch up points on postmodernism's scoreboard, but artistic splendor it ain't.

Occasionally, then, even Brendel nods. His essay "Must Classical Music Be Entirely Serious?" takes immense pleasure in knocking down a straw man: the idea that present-day musical life has to be dominated by reverential solemnity. Concerts I have recently attended in Sydney confirm that, whatever audience factors impair live music today, ODs on reverence are not among them. Pushing and shoving latecomers, yes; flash-cameras at mid-concert, by all means; chronic coughers, unwrappers of cellophane, and rustlers of programs, sure; owners of electronic watches that beep every hour on the hour, *naturellement*. But undue seriousness? Give us a break.

And give us another break from "A Case for Live Recordings," which notion is, in the plausibility stakes, right up there with "A Case for Racial Quotas," or "A Case for the Warsaw Pact." Brendel's line here is that mere avoidance of wrong notes now plays far too big a role in studio recordings (fair enough); that this leads to a helluva lot of boring recordings (granted); and that the solution is to start recording as many live concerts as possible. From anyone less gifted than Brendel, that would be an instance of the bad workman blaming his tools. The reason we have a helluva lot of boring recordings is, *pace* Brendel, that we have a helluva lot of boring musicians. This boredom is best alleviated not by substituting one recording procedure for another, but by persuading boring musicians to take up ditch-digging or some such useful career. Meanwhile, Brendel himself unwittingly provides the plainest illustration of how his much-vaunted live-recording philosophy penalizes talented artists:

> Over the years I can remember concerts with screaming babies (Japan), a barking dog (New York), a mewing cat (Istanbul), somebody falling down in a faint, a maniac clapping in the most impossible places, and a power cut plunging us all into darkness.

Brendel's own 1983 live recording of the Beethoven concertos, markedly inferior to his earlier versions, is apparently vindicated in his own eyes because "none of these things occurred."

One sometimes has to take Brendel not simply with a grain of salt but with enough of the stuff to fill a second Dead Sea. Yet how many other performers of his eminence are even worth arguing with? When Brendel talks folly it is at all times his own folly, not folly acquired off the rack from some Marxist professor or pseudo-theologian. And for every questionable utterance there are ten insights that are as sound as the proverbial bell: the whole of this month's *American Spectator* would not be room enough to include them. One cannot emphasize enough Brendel's greatest single virtue: after four decades on the concert circuit, he remains an indefatigable *enjoyer* of music. He will no more grow tired of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven than Madonna will grow tired of Madonna. On nearly every page Brendel comes up with at least one remark that makes you want to scurry to your nearest record store, newly inflamed by love for whatever masterpiece he is describing. □

R. J. Stove writes for the Weekend Australian, Quadrant, *and other publications down under.*

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THE BOOKSELLERS' SPECTATOR

TASTE TESTS

by Cathy Young

All was not PC at the American Booksellers' Association annual convention, held from May 31 to June 4 at the Jacob Javits Center in New York. There was an occasional waft of tobacco smoke; and, although I didn't see a single fur coat, it *was* June. Knopf was shamelessly advertising its revival of the "Everyman" series of classics, an idea that, as we know, privileges certain texts by implying that they are more important than others. They didn't even bother to rename it Everyperson. One of the highlights of the gigantic trade show was a structure representing a downsized Sistine Chapel—courtesy of a Japanese company, Nippon Video. I thought the handful of shrill Bohemian types outside the Javits Center handing out leaflets titled "Humanifesto" were protesting all this blatant Eurocentrism, but no one could quite figure out what they were about, other than the worthy pursuit of advertising themselves and their poetry-reading cafe.

On the floor of the trade show, though, it was far from a victory for Allan Bloom. I didn't count, but my guess is that the three largest single categories represented were environmentalist books, New Age books, and gay and lesbian books. Alyson Books offered a new line of children's literature ("Jefferson Bartleby Jones considers himself lucky to have two dads," begins a typical catalogue entry, and it is *not* about the son of a bigamous mother), as well as a gay sex manual, which included not only "Leather," "Lubricants," and "Romance," but also "Water Sports" (you're better off if you stay dry). And you couldn't walk down an aisle or turn a corner without running into a lesbian literature booth. On the other side of the fence, a small New York publisher called S.P.I. Books was plugging Josh Raphaelson and Jay Silverstein's *I Worship the Very Dirt She Treats Me Like: The Story of a Warm Caring Guy in a Society of Cold Calculating Women.* The promotional leaflet advertised a "National Search for the Warm, Caring Guy" contest to find the most outstanding example of a lovelorn male mistreated and rejected by the other sex. The grand prize was a trip for two at Club Med, though what use would that be to a guy who keeps getting rejected?

Also out in force were peddlers of Save-the-Earth literature, whose capture of children's publishing in particular seems to have succeeded remarkably well; this way, kids without the luck of having two mommies or two daddies can still enjoy the benefits of PC.

A visitor with the old-fashioned habit of approaching literary classics with quasi-religious reverence might have been chagrined by the absence of any hierarchy of values: high culture, pop culture, and God knows what else thrown pell-mell into a huge melting pot. The collected works of Shakespeare are a book, so is a mystery novel, and so is a restaurant guide. Other items did not even pretend to be books: you could get your business card laminated into a luggage tag; you could pick up pens and buttons and lapel pins and cookies. When Phil Zukerman of Applewood Books invited me to drop by their exhibit for a "taste test," I fully expected to be handed a slice of apple pie, only to find out that Mr. Zukerman was making a noble effort to preserve a slice of our endangered heritage. Applewood Books is reissuing the original texts of Nancy Drew and Hardy Boys books, which were altered in the 1960s—not so much to expunge sexism or racism as to excise overly complex language and concepts that might strain a young mind. The "taste test" involved comparisons between passages from the originals and passages from the dumbed-down versions, with the vote apparently running heavily in favor of the real thing. There is hope for the world after all.

While I am among those reactionaries who would like to preserve distinctions between Shakespeare and a restaurant guide, I have no intention of frowning on the festive display of exhibitors' wares, even if only remotely related to the publishing of books (a company called Zebra Books, whose specialty escapes me, had even put up a life-size parade float with a huddle of life-size toy zebras); it was entertaining, buoyant, dynamic. Still, beneath all the literal and figurative tinsel, there was some pessimism, or at least some concern. The *New Republic* had just come out with a cover story on the publishing industry entitled "Houses of Ill Repute," which charged that commercialism was edging out quality and that, in the rush to make money, no one was editing manuscripts anymore. I hear someone from the magazine was at the show handing out copies of the story—rather like circulating *The Closing of the American Mind* at a conference of the Modern Language Association. "Maybe someone will sign a deal to turn this article into a book," a friend of mine said. If it makes money, why not? On "Nightline," as the convention was winding down, captains of the industry argued that there was no cause for alarm, since American publishing had always been every bit as crass and commercial as today. What a comfort. On the other hand, if you were an author and a literary agent chatted you up at a party (there was no shortage of those at the convention), she would likely tell you that the stories of publishing in decline and negligent editors were all true, except for the editors she would get you in touch with.

Authors who have made it past the hurdles were out there in the fray, too, attending those overcrowded parties, working the booksellers and promoters, and facing the media at press conferences. At a joint appearance, mystery writer Mary Higgins Clark, rising black novelist Charles Johnson, and man of letters Dan Rather were asked about the worst experience they had had promoting their books. The question came as a surprise, amounting as it did to "What is the worst thing about dealing with us?"; the three authors fidgeted a little and protested that there was *nothing at all* unpleasant about this wonderful experience. (How about realizing that the person who is interviewing you has not read a word of your book?)

On an earlier day, sitting at the same table in the press conference room was none other than P. J. O'Rourke, whose government-bashing *Parliament of Whores* has just bumped Bob Woodward's *The Commanders* from the number-one spot on the *Washington Post* bestseller list. The audience, mostly clustered on a different side of the political spectrum, laughed a little guiltily, though P. J. went easy on their consciences and made nearly equal-opportunity fun of Democrats and Republicans ("Republicans are the party that says government doesn't work, and then they get elected and prove it"). His comment that giving money and power to the government was "like giving whiskey and car keys to teenage boys" puzzled me slightly: given some of P. J.'s erstwhile paeans to drunk driving, I almost took this to mean that he *favored* giving money and power to the government. But it seems the author of *Republican Party Reptile* has mellowed. P. J. confirmed as much when he was asked whether he believed any subjects were off-limits to humor, and conceded that one should not make fun of woes that befall people through no fault of theirs, such as blindness. Some people in the audience gasped in disbelief, prompting P. J. to explain that (a) he was not the same as in his *National Lampoon* days, and (b) he had said that one *should not* make such jokes, not that one *could not* make them. "And that," he added, jabbing at the audience, "is the fundamental difference between conservatives and liberals: conservatives will say you shouldn't make Helen Keller jokes, but liberals will say you *can't.*"

"Why do you always imply that liberals have no sense of humor?" a young man in the back of the room inquired with plaintive belligerence. "To give you an example, I am a liberal and the other day I told a Helen Keller joke." When was the last time you heard a liberal defend himself against charges of excessive sensitivity? □

Cathy Young is our Soviet Presswatch columnist.

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CURRENT WISDOM

San Francisco Chronicle

Poignant questions from Terri of San Anselmo:

I was surprised to learn from the soldiers of First Platoon (Letters, May 23) that there are still U.S. troops "serving in Korea, Panama, Hawaii, Alaska, Turkey, Japan, Honduras, Europe and the Philippines." What are they doing there? Are we at war? And how about Hawaii and Alaska? I thought they were states, like Nevada and Oregon! Did they secede? Would someone let me know what's going on? —*Terri Smith*
San Anselmo
[May 31, 1991]

Vanity Fair

Vanity Fair interviews Patti Davis, 38-year-old *enfant terrible* of Ron and Nancy, and in no time Miss Davis offers, shall we say, an advertisement for herself:

In the bedroom, across from her bed, hangs a pastel painting of a woman in a white slip daintily touching her upper thigh. It is, says Davis with a laugh, one of her favorite things, a woman masturbating, "which I do a lot myself these days since I'm not seeing anyone."
[July 1991]

Los Angeles Times

A clean bill of health for EMK from one of L.A.'s leading necromancers:

There is no doubt that historically Kennedy regressed psychologically on several occasions earlier in his life when he manifested asocial and antisocial behavior. His cheating while in college and the Chappaquiddick episode were flagrant examples of such actions on his part.

It is of note, however, that some criminals manifest repetitive examples of such behavior most of their lives. Yet there is a small percentage of such individuals who undergo what has been called delayed maturation around the age of 35 or 40 and they never commit another crime.

In my opinion, Kennedy has given us considerable indication that he also echoed such delayed maturation. I say that because he was exposed to unbelievably intense and repetitive stress experiences, such as the assassination of two of his brothers, the alcoholism of his wife and the cancer of his son. Yet, following these events, his stability and achievements in the Senate were remarkable.

Regarding the Palm Beach episode, it does appear that he again manifested some deviation from the "delayed maturation" by his behavior. The key question centers on the degree to which Kennedy is prone to drink in more than a social manner. I do anticipate that his delayed maturation will again appear on a consistent and long-term basis, much as his outstanding work in the Senate has demonstrated.

—*Alfred Coodley, MD*
Los Angeles
[June 12, 1991]

Washington Post

The illustrious Style page vouchsafes the perfect dinner companion for Adolf Hitler, Joseph Stalin, or the present president of Stanford University:

To everyone but herself, artist-philosopher Adrian Piper looks white—not the pale, Anglo-white that yearns for the sun, but white crossed with just enough subcontinental Indian to explain the lack of pallor, the huge deeply lidded brown eyes, the fine, long wavy black hair that, at 42, has just begun to turn, of all things, white.

Piper, however, identifies herself as black, which—given her appearance—has made her the unintended victim of, and witness to, what she sees as persistent, semi-submerged racism in America, the primary subject of her art. She has seen it in places she, and others, might least expect: among the middle-class and upper-middle-class self-proclaimed "liberals" who populated her youth and adolescence. . . . In 1986, the conceptual artist within her came up with a unique solution, a calling card that read: "Dear Friend, I am black. I am sure you did not realize this when you made/laughed at/agreed with that racist remark. In the past, I have attempted to alert white people to my racial identity in advance. Unfortunately, this invariably causes them to react to me as pushy, manipulative, or socially inappropriate. Therefore, my policy is to assume that white people do not make these remarks, even when they believe there are no black people present, and to distribute this card when they do.

"I regret any discomfort my presence is causing you, just as I am sure you regret the discomfort your racism is causing me. Sincerely yours, Adrian Margaret Smith Piper."
[June 22, 1991]

New Republic

The venerated novelist and metaphysician James Carroll breaks the *New Republic*'s long, stony silence and finally gives conservatism credit where credit is due, particularly our bridge policy:

Conservatives, Republicans, many Democrats, most Americans perhaps, have long since concluded that the core of the Kennedy myth is rotten, that deceit is as much a part of it as fornication and adultery. To them these ruminations must seem naive in the extreme, a long overdue examination of the liberal conscience, a further proof of our shallowness. But we have dismissed the right-wing judgment of the Kennedys until now first because we know that what really appalls them is the Kennedys' powerful political agenda. While claiming the moral high ground, the conservative establishment has been systematically destroying this country for most of two decades now—its schools, its unions, its protections of the poor and the old and the sick, its civil rights laws, its banking system, even its roads and bridges. And Ted Kennedy has stood almost alone in opposing them with any force.
[June 24, 1991]

Nation

For those ritualistic leftists who may have missed this idea when it was trotted out in the thirties, the forties, the fifties, the sixties, the seventies, the eighties, and every few days since January 1, 1990:

Fascism. Fascism. Fascism. There—I've said it. So has Andrew Kopkind, quoting Bernie Sanders ["Imposing the New Order at Home," April 8]. But we need to hear this word more often, read its definition and compare it with the current national course. In fact, progressive publications like *The Nation* and the movement(s) they represent should enlarge their scope of concerns beyond chasing down the latest Bushian atrocity and into envisioning—and averting—a Fascist States of America by the turn of the millennium.

American fascism will be unlike the historical models we may be on alert against. After the gulf war, we must realize that a large percentage of Americans will *welcome* the fascism of the triumphant military state. The rest of us ought to get our heads out of the sand and say the word. It's good exercise. It may be Adolf's century after all. Fascism.

—*Joel Taunton*
Seattle
[June 24, 1991]

Village Voice

Life nowadays among the heirs of Messrs. Robert M. La Follette, Woodrow Wilson, and Adlai Stevenson—pretty Miss Donna Minkowitz reports from the floor of the National Lesbian Conference:

Some things *have* changed in the lesbian world: political purism apparently no longer extends to the bedroom. The first of four scheduled workshops celebrating s&m was one of the best-attended and least tense events, attracting a multiracial crowd of 350 with lots of self-identified incest survivors. When a muscular, gorgeous 20-year-old complained that "it's not enough to learn about s&m from books, I need experience!" 349 women looked blissful. "Do I hear her calling for *teachers*?! With shoulders like that, you're not gonna have any problem," one called out soothingly. Most postmodern line of the conference, also from the s&m workshop: "A beating that I had two years ago is what enabled me to get through Saudi Arabia, because it taught me I could withstand pain."

After a few days, many of us wished we'd had a similar preparatory experience. Censorship started on Day Two, when a local photographer and a cartoonist handed out 300 copies of a drawing chiding the policy prohibiting the use of flash cameras. (Conference organizers claim they can cause seizures in epileptics.)
[May 21, 1991]

Washington Post

A night at the theater in Renaissance Washington, as described by critic Pamela Sommers—and Pamela, don't forget to wash your hands:

Minutes into "Sex/Love/Stories," Tim Miller's solo program at Dance Place last weekend, it's abundantly clear why this ardent and unshackled performance artist was denied a National Endowment for the Arts grant by NEA Chairman John Frohnmayer and his advisory council.

"Sex!" Miller bellows entering from the rear of the space. "Love!" Then, in a quieter voice: "War . . . AIDS . . ." With these big, resonant, scary words, he offers up an outline of all that is to come bursting forth from his oh-so-clever mouth. . . . He yanks down his pants and has a very frank, emotionally charged discussion with his bared anatomy about the importance of celebrating the flesh, especially in the midst of disease and censorship and death.
[June 22, 1991]

Los Angeles Times Book Review

A provocative address to the Pilgrims of Plymouth delivered three centuries after the fact by an obviously befuddled Maurice Sendak, award-winning author of children's books, to the amazed at the 1991 American Booksellers' convention:

It's been brought to my attention by a number of people that Mickey, in the lithograph I prepared for this American Booksellers Assn. convention, is still the 1970 little boy he always was—but that, oddly, his privates have grown way out of proportion. Now, this is true—I was unaware of that detail—and I'd like to think I inadvertently touched on some significant unconscious point—and not merely that I'm guilty of bad drawing. Either explanation might be correct, but of course I prefer the former.

What could be more reasonable under the circumstances? It makes a kind of comical sense; like Pinocchio's nose displaced downwards (in Freud, it usually goes the other way), Mickey's penis grows in response to the lie that is censorship, the lie that says children must be protected from such a sight. His organ stiffens with indignation over the smug philistinism that absurdly denies the dignity and truth of the human body. It thumbs its nose—if you'll pardon the expression—at those who would pervert that truth under the unctuous guise of wholesomeness, thereby confusing and frightening children, and "teaching" them to be ashamed of what is natural and good.

Mickey stands tall and asks to be counted. And if he shouts brazenly—as he does—"Cock-a-doodle-doo," well, that's his democratic birthright. Enough. The metaphor dwindles.

Just this. No one has to look at Mickey. No one has to listen to Mickey. But one mustn't castrate Mickey, and thus deny him that birthright.
[June 16, 1991]

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